

Raphaels Madonna

DECEMBER 28, 1942 | U CENTS
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HEADACHES FOR HITLER - Coming Up!

Over the loud speaker at a distant Allied Air Base comes the warning call "Enemy Aircraft Approaching—Scramble." In triggerquick response—fighter planes are manned. Motors "rev." Then, with deafening roar, a squadron of Army Airacobras takes the air. Courageous and determined, these Army Air Force Pilots rise to combat, confident that they man the hardest-hitting single-engine fighters in the world. These men deserve the best America can put behind them. A forward looking Aircraft Industry had sensed for years America's need for fighter planes that would out-fly and out-fight the

best the enemy could offer. While ominous

war clouds gathered into thunder-heads new

plans and planes were under way.

Working with our Army Air Force we created the P-39 Army Airacobra. Free from precedent our engineers developed a new design from nose to tail. They put a cannon in the nose—placed the engine behind the pilot—gave it a tricycle landing gear. They made it a powerful weapon designed ex-

Today these deadly fighterplanes serve Allied forces on

fighting fronts around the world.

But some day victory will come. War-trained pilots will return to take their places in a new world of accelerated transportation. America will on her commerce in the skies.

That day will find Bell Aircraft ready—ready with its engineering skill, assembly lines and trained personnel converted to the pursuits of peace-time aviation. © Bell Aircraft Corporation, Buffalo, New York.

Piracobras for victory—
BELL Aircraft—

PACEMAKER OF AVIATION PROGRESS

This brand new, thrill-crammed, suspense-packed mystery smash-hit!

PHANTOM LADY

By William Irish

HIS ONLY ALIBI — A Phantom Lady in an Orange Hat!

Put yourself in Scott Henderson's place. You know you're not a murderer. But the electric chair doesn't know it. You know you were with another woman when your wife was strangled. But the District Attorney and the police don't know it. And YOU CAN'T PROVE IT!

You met this other woman in a bar. You took her to dinner and to a play. But you didn't know her name or where she lived. Your mind had been in such a turmoil that you didn't notice anything about her—except that she was wearing a flaming orange hat.

Then you got home and found three detectives waiting for you—and your wife dead in the boudoir!

Where's your alibi? "Woman—orange hat," is all you can remember. You get an all-night grilling till you're too tired to remember, or think, or even care. The cops take you out to retrace your steps. Somebody must remember seeing you—with the lady in the orange hat.

The bartender. Sure, he saw you . . . but nobody was with you. The cab driver. He remembered picking you up and taking you to the restaurant . . . but you were alone. The headwaiter saw you, too. But he had only served one person, he said. There it was, on your table reservation and on your check. Dinner for ONE!

NOBODY, not the doorman or the ticket-taker, or the usher, or the trap-drummer in the theatre pit band, had seen her! They remembered you, because you had come in after the curtain was up. They certainly would have seen a woman in an orange hat. But they swore you were alone! And now you're starting down that "last mile"—with the electric chair staring you in the face!

You'll really cheer as the impact of this thrilling, suspense-packed new mystery, PHANTOM LADY, hits you squarely between the eyes! WHAT A BOOK! PHANTOM LADY is brand new. The author's name is brand new. The book is selling everywhere for \$2.00. But we don't want to sell it to you—we want to give it to you. Yes, GIVE it to you—to show detective book fans the kind of stories they will receive from the Detective Book Club.

How This Club Brings You The Best Mysteries

Each month this Club offers to its members THREE up-to-date detective books—for the usual price of only ONE! And EACH of the three is a complete, full-length novel.

Do you realize that about 300 new detective books are published every year? You can't read them all. It's hard to find the best. But there's one sure guide. If a mystery is by an author like Agatha Christie,

Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, R. Austin Freeman, Frank Gruber, or Frances and Richard Lockridge, it's sure to be good! All of these and many other famous topnotch writers have had their books selected by the Editorial Committee of the DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB.

This committee also performs another vital service for you. Each year there appears a number of real tenstrike thrillers by lesser-known, dark-horse authors—books like William Irish's "Phantom Lady," for example. The Club ferrets out these "discoveries" for you so that its members will receive tomorrow's best-sellers today.

Regardless of whether the selections of the Club are by the most famous of detective writers, or are real "finds" by lesser-known writers, they are ALL books that sell everywhere for \$2.00 each. Yet, as a member of the Club, you get three of them (a \$6.00 value) for only \$1.89! You do not have to take a volume a month—you may accept as few as four during the whole year and still save two-thirds the usual price on those you purchase.

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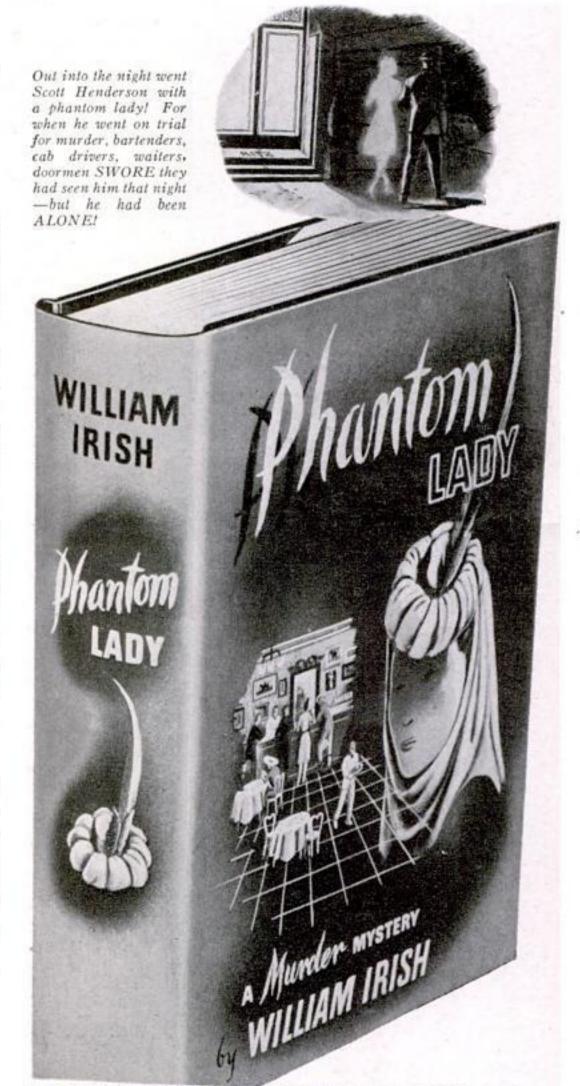
(1) Every month you are offered the cream of the finest modern detective books—by the best authors.
(2) You save two-thirds the usual cost. (3) Your books are delivered right to your door. Each book is fresh, clean, unopened. It will be right at your elbow whenever you are in the mood, to read as leisurely as you please. (4) You receive volumes so well printed, so attractively bound, that month by month they will grow into a handsome library of masterpieces of modern detective fiction.

Mail Coupon Now For Your Free Book

By accepting this FREE copy of *Phantom Lady* NOW, as a Charter Membership Gift from the Club, you will *not* be obligated to take every month's selection during the next 12 months. You may take as few as four during that time. You may cancel your membership *whenever you wish*. A description of the *next* month's selections will be sent you with each month's book, and you may reject in advance any volume you do not want.

You need send no money with the Reservation Coupon. ASSURE yourself of the privileges now being offered to Charter Members. To get this spine-chilling mystery "find," PHANTOM LADY, absolutely free, AND the current triple selection, address the coupon at once to:

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Please enroll me as a member and send me, FREE, "Phantom Lady," by William Irish. Also send the current triple volume, containing three complete detective books.

This does not obligate me to take every monthly triple volume during the next 12 months; I may take as few as four

during this period, if I so wish.

It is also understood that I will receive an advance description of all forthcoming selections and that I may reject in advance any volume that I do not wish to own. I need send no money now, but for each volume I accept I will send you only \$1.89, plus a few cents postage, as complete payment, within one week after I receive my book.

Name		
Address		
Ch.	61.	

This One

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

AMERICAN ACES

Sirs:

LIFE, Dec. 7, in Richard Wilcox's "Captain Smith And His Fighting 223," calls Smith the foremost American ace of this war, credits Smith with bringing down 19 enemy planes . . . "more planes than any other American flier has shot down in this war."

LIFE, June 1, in "Kill Or Be Killed" by Robert Sherrod, puts the record of Lieut. Colonel Boyd David ("Buzz") Wagner, D. S. C., way above Smith's. This article calls Buzz Wagner "the No. 1 American ace of this war thus far. He has destroy d between 30 and 50 Jap planes and the number of Japs he has killed runs into hundreds."

It would seem Buzz Wagner should rate LIFE's front cover.

WILLIAM P. ROBERTSON JR. East Hampton, Conn.

Sirs:

In your article concerning Captain Smith and Fighting Squadron 223, you stated that Captain (now Major) Smith shot down 19 Japanese planes, "a tally never before achieved by any American in World War II."



What about the record of the late Jack Newkirk, a squadron leader of the disbanded Flying Tigers, who is officially credited with destroying 28 Japanese planes in combat? TOM BEESON

Ann Arbor, Mich.

 Buzz Wagner, reported missing for the past three weeks, is officially credited with shooting only seven Jap planes out of the air, but destroyed the others on the ground. All of Major Smith's were shot down in aerial combat. Since then Captain Joe Foss (above), operating from Guadalcanal, has shot down 22. All of "Scarsdale Jack" Newkirk's victories were registered while he was flying for the Chinese Government, are not recognized by official U.S. sources.—ED.

Sirs:

The thousands of men and women who make our Navy fighter, the Wildcat, and our Navy torpedo bomber, the Avenger, here at the Grumman aircraft plant were delighted with the Richard Wilcox story of the exploits of Major Smith and his Fighting 223. It is a tremendous stimulus to them to learn that this single squadron of fighting pilots and fighting Wildcats in 45 days at the Solomons shot down at least 95 Jap planes with a loss of only ten Wildcats.

Major Smith and his pal, Captain Carl, were given an enthusiastic reception at the birthplace of the Wildcats and the Avengers recently when the U. S. Navy presented the employes with their second Navy "E" for continued record-breaking production. The Major himself raised the burgee.

> L. R. GRUMMAN President

Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp. Bethpage, N. Y.

Sirs:

The boys who were at "E" Base, Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, during the summer of 1941, remember "Scotty" McLennan (Yale Unit) as the lean, curly-headed guy with an impudent grin, and the green phaeton V-8 which could always accommodate another guy bound for town. The "Leathernecks" have lost a mighty good man.

J. W. NICHOLS

Pensacola, Fla.

"DESPERATE DOROTHY"

Sirs:

Even we natives out in the Indian and cowboy territory can appreciate your gentle satire of the OWI's efforts in our ignorant behalf in your excellent version of "Desperate Dorothy" in the Dec. 7 issue.

May I suggest a slogan for the OWI: "Praise the Lord and pass the information." ROBERT B. HALLIDAY

Spokane, Wash.

Sirs:

"Desperate Dorothy" could have been made into a short story by calling a cop after picture No. 3 and saving paper, time and labor. This would have also saved the readers.

LARRY CRAWFORD Chico, Calif.

WHICH TRAGEDY?

Sirs:

IS IT BOSTON HOLOCAUST OR POI-SONED EGGS ON PAGE 44 OF DEC. 7 LIFE?

T. R. JEFFERSON

West Monroe, La.

 LIFE had already printed about 25% of copies of the Dec. 7 issue before it was able to remake page 44 to include pictures of the Boston fire.—ED.

COPACABANA FAN

Sirs:

Just a line or two concerning an article in your Dec. 7 issue of LIFE, which described several very charming New York showgirls. One of these young ladies, Miss Jane Ball of Kingston, N. Y., stated her ideal man was the tall, dark doctor with a sense of humor, which is very commendable.

My purpose is simply to state that here at this hospital we have several such doctors. all very much enthused by the article.

THOMAS J. NAUGHTON, M.D. Milwaukee, Wis.

GREW'S MESSAGE

Sirs:

Ambassador Grew says that the Germans cracked in 1918 (LIFE, Dec. 7). I do not believe that this is true. The Germans were soundly defeated on the battlefields of Asia and Europe during the last twelve months of the first World War: first in Palestine, Syria, Turkey and the Balkans, and finally on the Western Front. Only when military leaders confessed that defeat was inevitable was their authority lost and the November 1918 revolution precipitated.

If Japan's Navy were to suffer a continuous series of defeats such as the Battle of the Coral Sea, the Battle of Midway Island and the engagements around Guadalcanal, and if to such defeats were added others inflicted upon the Japanese Army in Burma, Malaya and Thailand, and if finally the tenuous bridge of ships now linking Japan with her areas of conquest were further reduced by our submarines, there is no reason why the "unwise counsellors" of His Imperial Majesty should not be eliminated by suicide or assassination, and a new "liberal" civilian government installed willing to agree to terms on the basis of Cordell Hull's statement of July 16, 1937. There is a vast difference between the structure of the Hohenzollern monarchy and the Japanese Empire. The former was too new to live in defeat; the latter is so old that it may well be able to chart a new course for its ship of state without capsizing. This would not be "cracking"; it would merely apply the ancient rule of raison d'état to a modern situation.

Ambassador Grew's reference to the division of Japan's national effort between the war in China and rearmament is of great importance. If China was able to absorb no

more than one-third of Japan's total potential, it is obvious that it is more important to reduce the two-thirds of Japan's power outside China than it is to destroy the onethird in China. Ambassador Grew, by publishing this estimate, has made a very important contribution to public understanding of the United Nations strategy in the Pacific area.

KURT BLOCH

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

It is good to have Ambassador Grew giving straight facts. We who have seen service in the Orient know how right he is-and how right Admiral Yarnell is-and how right Wendell Willkie is. The Tao Teh Chin is a book of Chinese wisdom which says that the Sage can stay within doors and know the whole world. If that is true of the Sage, it is because of unusual imagination. Most of us need to experience. Americans would do well to be guided by persons who have seen at first hand the great seething caldron of the Far East than by Wise Men of the West who write daily columns without ever having seen the

I hope that Ambassador Grew's book enlarges on the traits of the Japanese listed in this article. Each deserves a chapter at least. I'd especially underline "frugal." We were frugal folk when we won the War of 1776. Unless we can recapture the simple life, the future belongs to the East. "They don't believe in 'impassable' areas," Ambassador Grew says. And so Singapore fell!

ALICE GREGG

New York, N.Y.

SIGN LANGUAGE

Sirs:

LIFE is to be commended upon the splendid pictorial article about the deaf in the Dec. 7 issue. Too much of the publicity which the deaf receive in various publications deals with their learning speech and lip-reading. thus lending false hopes to countless parents of congenitally deaf children who spend a great part of their school years in a vain attempt to master the ability to speak and to read the lips. Only a small percentage of congenitally deaf children are ever able to learn speech and lip-reading well enough to converse intelligibly with the average hearing person, but until more people realize that the sign language is employed by intelligent and cultured people, the education of the deaf (because of overemphasis on "speech" and lip-reading) is destined to lag three to five years behind that of their hearing brothers and sisters.

I am a deaf teacher of the deaf, born of deaf parents, and attended a residential school for the deaf for eight years prior to studying at Gallaudet College.

HENRY STACK

Malone, N. Y.

IDENTIFICATIONS

Sirs:

Can you identify the three marines standing behind Major Smith as he is being decorated by Admiral Nimitz in the pictures shown by LIFE, Dec. 7?



JAP MACHINE GUNNER

I am particularly interested in the one nearest the camera. I'm almost certain that this is my brother.

NOLAN ADAMS

Austin, Texas

Sirs:

In the Dec. 7 issue on page 36 appears a picture of a landing barge near the shores of Oran. The boy nearest the camera is my son. Could you supply me with information

about this picture and what outfit it was?

B. E. HALL

Goffstown, N. H.

Sirs:

One of the boys in the picture resembles my brother.

ORRY A. ZACCARDI Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

If it be possible, I would like to know the name of a soldier in the picture in the upper right-hand corner of page 37.

MRS. THOMAS E. SEDINGER JR. Drexel Hill, Pa.

Sirs:

. . . Would you possibly have the names of the members of the Marine relief squadron on page 127?

DOROTHY MURPHY

Blackwood, N. J.

. . . I am convinced that the officer in the picture is my boy friend.

HARRIETTE COOLEY

Windsor, Vt.

 LIFE regrets it cannot identify servicemen in battle-zone pictures. Military censorship preserves anonymity of the individual and his unit.—ED.

COMPARATIVE COVERS

As a charter subscriber lucky enough to have every issue of your publication, I find an endless fascination in reading with each new edition the corresponding issue of five years ago. The double glimpse of "then & now" reveals amusing contrasts, striking coincidences and, above all, a telling view of the prophetic "handwriting on the wall." But none so far has delivered anything like the impact that landed with this week's pair: Dec. 6, 1937 and Dec. 7, 1942. From the old cover emerges a Jap machine gunner; from the new, our avenging answer. In the old issue are Hirohito and Hitler in a great spread that originally seemed more like some virus under the microscope; today's issue shows their contagion spread to epidemic proportions. With this strong link so consistently evident between these parallel LIFE lines comes more than a confirmation of the present in the light of the past, there comes further an inviting challenge for the thoughtful reader to draft some prophetic pages of his own for "LIFE-1947."

JOHN S. LIVERMORE

Rochester, N. Y.



AMERICAN AVENGER

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Out on a Long, Long Limb



As this is written, American arms have taken the offensive. In less than a year after Pearl Harbor, American industry has equipped our fighting forces to carry the war to the enemy. And Axis dictators begin to talk in plaintive tone of black horizons and impending doom!

To the men and women of Philco who have had a part in this vast program of preparation, these events are an incentive to new and still greater achievements. The road ahead, though long and hard, is full of hope and promise. Now, more

than ever before, the war production pledge of Philco's soldiers of industry is "More-Better-Sooner."

The electronic miracles developed in the Philco laboratories, the radio communications equipment, fuzes, shells and storage batteries produced by Philco workers are today fighting for freedom in the planes, tanks, ships and guns of many battlefields. When Victory is won, their heritage of amazing inventions will bring new comfort, convenience and entertainment to the homes of the nation.

This cartoon by S. J. Ray is another in the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists to interpret the spirit of Philco's soldiers of production. It is being posted on bulletin boards of the Philco factories as a symbol to the men and women of Philco of the purpose and significance of their work in the united effort for Victory.

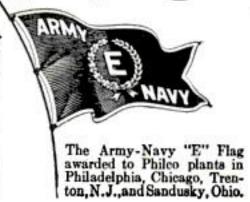
Free Limited Offer . . . While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by S. J. Ray will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., and ask for Cartoon Number 35 D.

PHILCO CORPORATION

"Our Secret Weapon."
Tune in Friday evenings, over your local
Columbia Station.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS America is conserving its resources for Victory. As you save on all products of peace-time consumption, remember too to preserve the things you own. Trained service men everywhere are leaving civilian life to serve vital military needs. So be careful to maintain the condition and prolong the life of your Philco products.

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SPEAKING OF**PICTURES**

SAILORS LIKE TO POSE IN HAWAII WITH HULA GIRLS

Next to getting their arms and chests tattooed, sailors on shore leave like to have their pictures taken. They prefer to pose near some wellknown local object, such as a famous statue, building or mountain, so the folks back home can see just where they have been. In Hawaii, that wellknown local object is the hula girl. Because hula girls are not readily found on the streets of present-day Honolulu, an enterprising cabdriver, turned photographer, has solved the sailors' problem. For only 75¢ he provides the girl, a Waikiki Beach background, grass shack and two affectionate poses as souvenirs. Serving sailors and soldiers, he has the most bustling business in boomtown Honolulu.

Sailors, fresh from long and lonely months of sea duty, like to have their pictures taken just for the hug that goes with each pose. They hang the finished prints up by their bunks to look at during future lonesome cruises, sometimes send them to wives and sweethearts at home to show what gay fellows they are. But the hula girls know differently. They say that most sailors blush a bright red when they get hugged in front of the camera.



SEAMAN CARL GAINES FROM BIRMINGHAM, ALA. STARTS TO POSE



HULA GIRL FIXES HER CELLOPHANE SKIRT FOR PICTURE





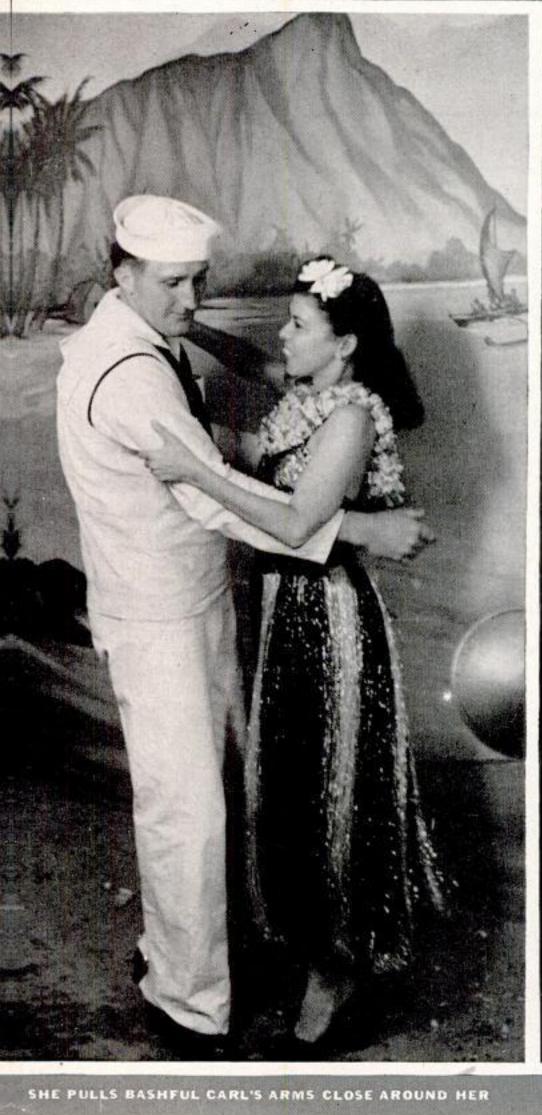
CHARLES AVERY, LOS ANGELES, CA















POSE IS STIFF AS CARL STILL FEELS A LITTLE NERVOUS

HE GETS THE IDEA AND HUGS HER TIGHT FOR SECOND POSE













"Know where I'm going to hang this?"



Cannon percales, I reminded her. They cost just about the same as heavy-duty muslin. And they're woven with 25% more threads to the square inch than the best muslin sheets. Besides, they save me plenty of money in the long run.

"Save money? How?" asked Helen.

Well, I told her, if I send them to the laundry, they save me \$3.25 a year for each bed, at pound rates. And if I do them myself, they're lighter and easier to handle. Of course, I added, you have to know how to wash a sheet to make it last longer.

"All right, wash-day expert—give!" said Helen.

First, I said, don't soak them to death! 15 minutes before washing is plenty. And good old-fashioned sunshine is safer than any bleach. If I do have to use a bleach, I follow directions to the letter. And rinse twice after bleaching.

"Know any other good tips?" put in Helen.

Here's my prize sheet-saver: I hang them absolutely straight and even on the line. Then I never have to use too hot an iron, or tug at them to get them into shape. And

I never, never iron the folds. It wears out sheets quicker than sleeping on them!

"Now I'll tell you a pointer," said Helen.

It's good economy to have enough sheets, I said, beating her to it. I find it pays to have 6 Cannon Percale sheets for each bed. That gives me 2 in the laundry, 2 on the bed, and 2 on the shelf. And I deal 'em from the bottom!

"And about brands—" interrupted Helen.

Pick a name you can trust and stick to it, I cautioned. That's why I buy Cannon Percales. There may be a lot I don't know about the manufacture of sheets, but I do know Cannon. They're the same people who make Cannon Towels, and you couldn't ask for anything better!

Your store also has a real value in Cannon Muslin Sheets-well-constructed, long-wearing-at a low, popular price, Cannon Mills, Inc., New York, N.Y.

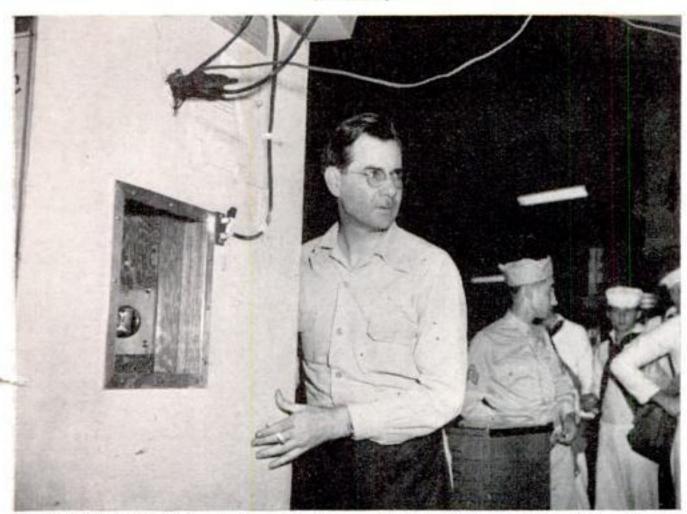


Cannon Percale Sheets



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CANNON TOWELS AND HOSIERY

SPEAKING OF PICTURES



Owner Paul Williams waits for subjects to quiet down before taking their pictures. He caters to soldiers and marines as well as sailors, finds the latter better customers.



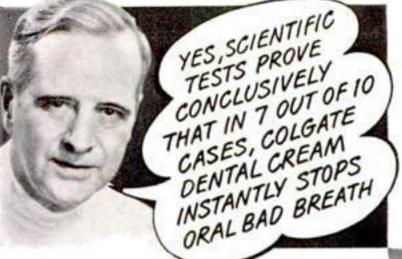
Pictures are hurriedly developed and printed for the eager subjects. With the Pacific Fleet at his doorstep, Williams' only worry is finding enough photographic material.



Sailors cluster around painted backdrop of Diamond Head and Waikiki Beach, waiting their turn before the camera. Some have their pictures taken over and over again.



What about <u>your</u> breath? Better play safe! Use Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!

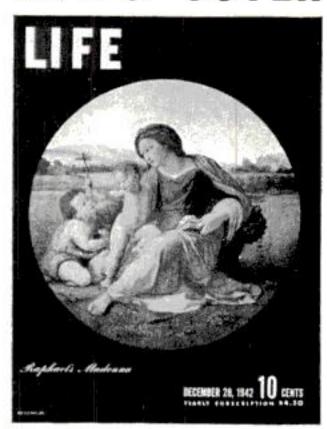


Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently—makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! Besides, Colgate's delicious, wake-up flavor makes it a favorite with children and grownups alike.





LIFE'S COVER



The painting on the cover by Raphael is known as the Alba Madonna because it was once owned by the ducal House of Alba in Madrid. Painted about 1508, it was bought by Czar Nicholas I in 1836 and hung in the Hermitage Gallery when Mellon got it from the Soviets in 1931 for \$1,166,400.

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December 28, 1942

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ALL PHOTOS AND TEXT CONCERNING THE ARMED FORCES HAVE BEEN RE-

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PICTURES

Toni Frissell, who took the Picture of the Week on page 17, has recently returned from a ten-week tour of England as official photographer for the American Red Cross. Miss Frissell, well-known as a fashion photographer for Vogue, made 2,000 pictures of Britain's Army camps, bombing stations and hospitals for the Red Cross, was not frightened by a hit-andrun raid by Nazi planes and wants to continue news photography as a sideline.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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12, 13-KEYSTONE-C ELLIOTT & FRY,

BRITISH COMBINE 14-W. W.-BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTO-

BRITISH COMBINE

15-ACME

17-TONI FRISSELL

18-KEN HARRIS-ART FRENCH-SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER

19-JACK WILKES, ACME - INT. - JACK WILKES

20, 21-OFFICIAL U. S. ARMY PHOTO

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27-TED KELL-N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE 28, 29-MYRON H. DAVIS

30-A. P.

35, 36, 37—GJON MILI

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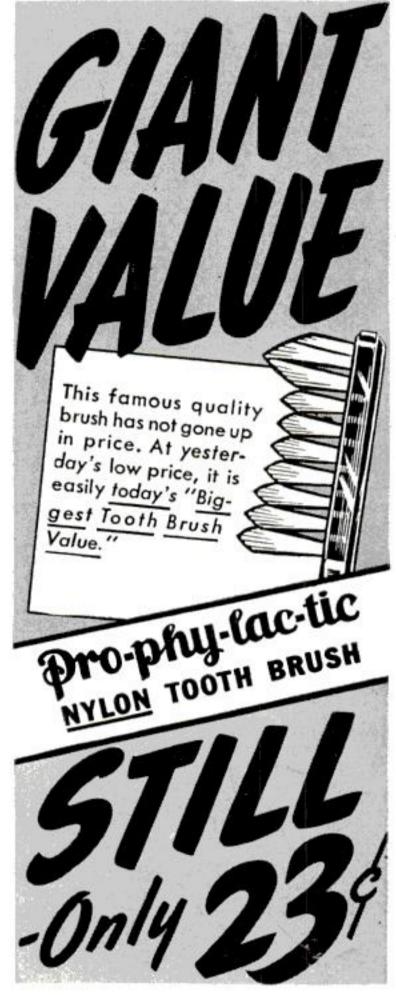
MYRON H. DAVIS 70, 71, 72, 73-MYRON H. DAVIS

75-Drawing by WALLACE MORGAN-P. I. 76, 78, 79, 80-Drawings by WALLACE

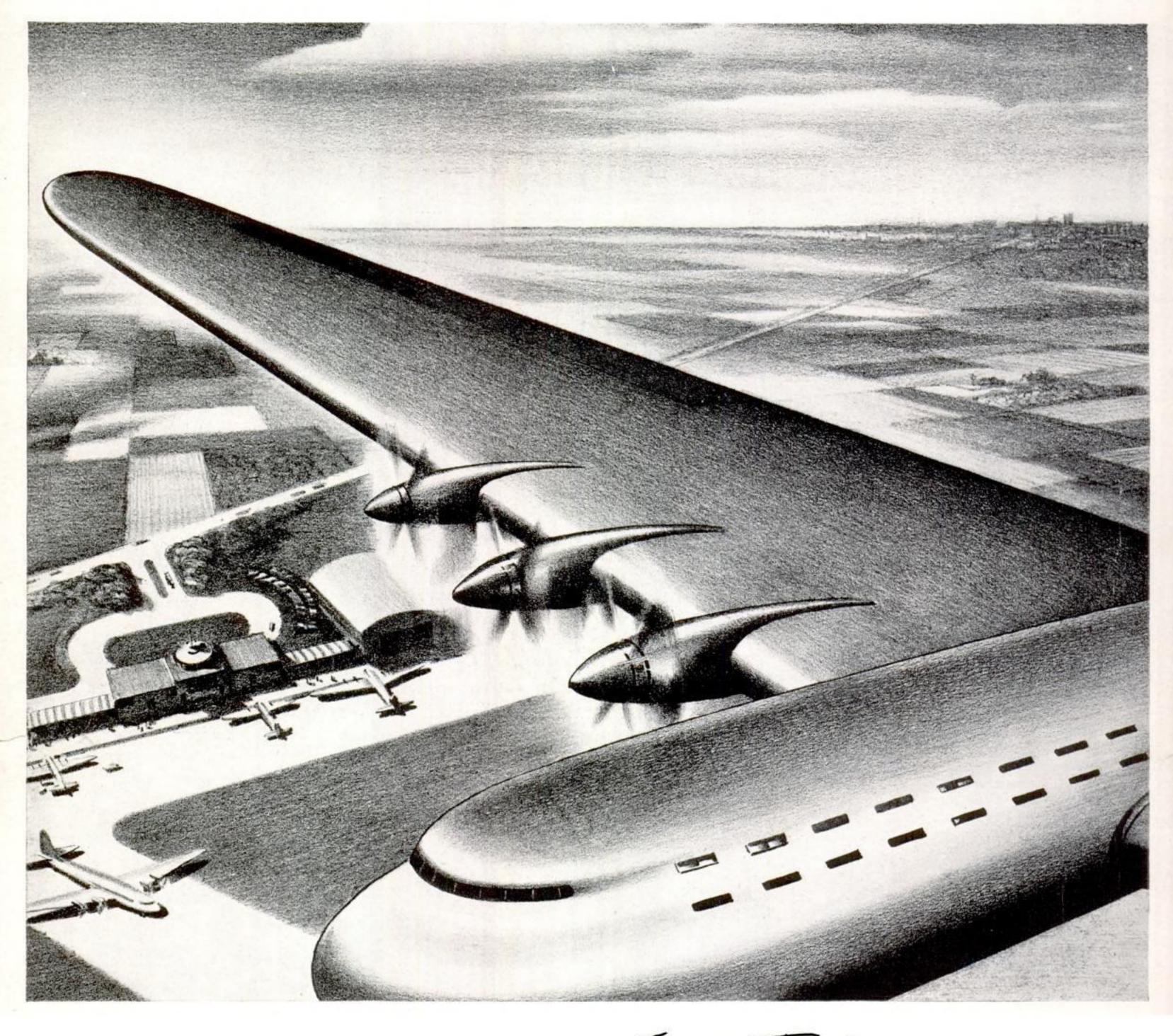
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Prairie Port in the Tige of Flight

This is no time for idle dreaming. Dreaming will not bring victory. But those who work and fight today must see a world worth fighting for. Out of war sacrifices will come a new era of opportunity for all. Some of this important future lies in the air above us . . . in the coming Age of Flight.

Already the airplane is weaving a new pattern of transportation, which is completely changing former ideas of time and space and distance.

United Air Lines, for example, now flies farther on special war missions alone — many of them to distant parts of the world — than ever before on peacetime flights.

Yet at the same time it maintains regularly scheduled service along the strategic Main Line Airway, saving precious hours for men in uniform, for civilians with vital production problems, and for the air mail and air express that are playing so important a role in the conduct of the war.

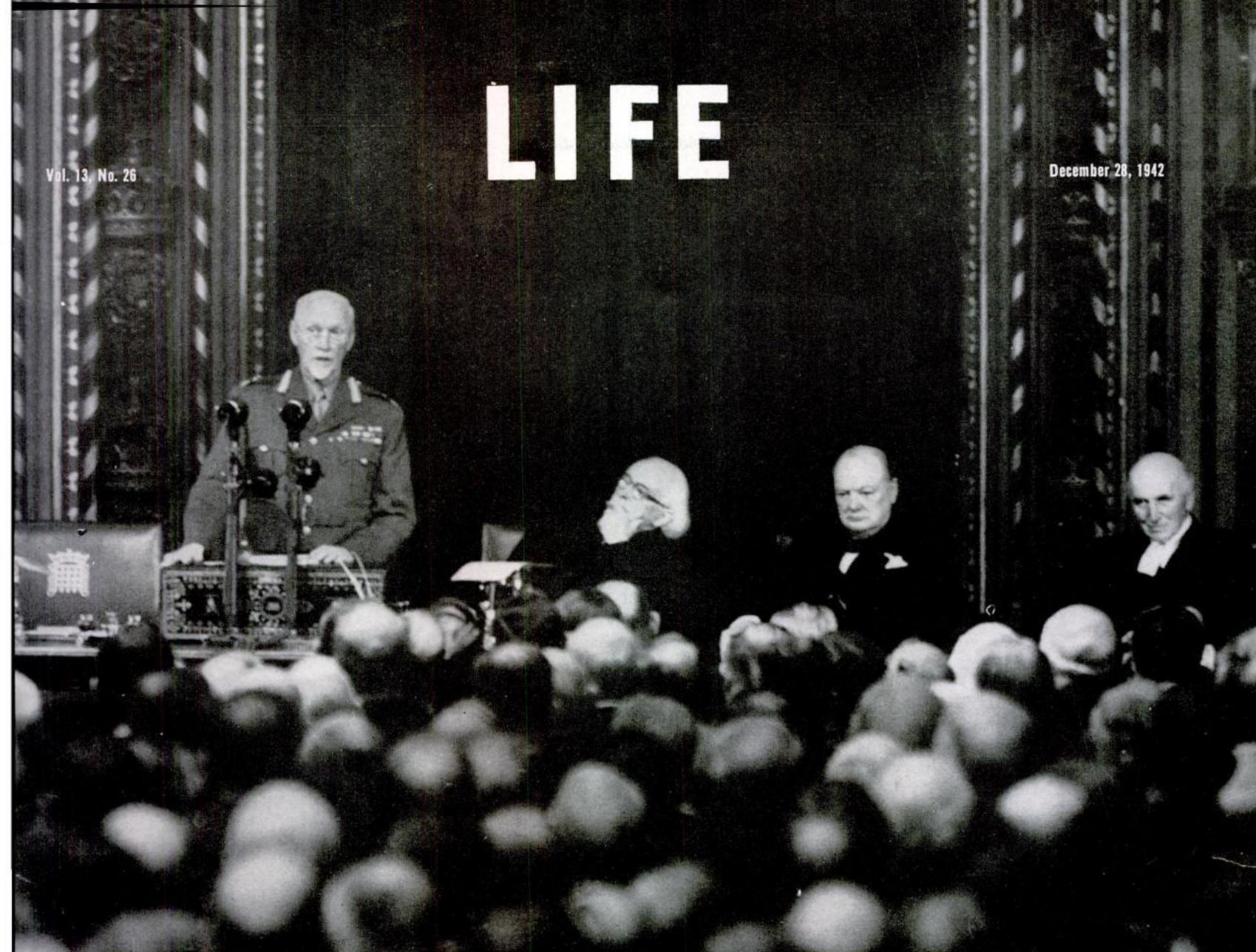
With the coming of peace, you will see still further changes in the whole conception of travel and transportation. Roads and rivers that follow the natural paths of the earth will yield to airways, unhindered by geography. New lanes will link important areas — world ports will flourish the length and breadth of the land. Prairies and seashores alike will be "ports of

the air"-taking-off places for world markets.

Right now, United's unrivaled flying experience of 250,000,000 miles is helping to speed the winning of the war. When the day of victory arrives, that same experience will help fulfil the promise of the Age of Flight.

* BUY WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY *

HE MAIN LINE ALRWAY



SMUTS, STANDING BESIDE LLOYD GEORGE WITH WHOSE WAR CABINET HE SAT IN 1917 AND CHURCHILL WHOM HE IMPRISONED IN BOER WAR IN 1899, ADDRESSES PARLIAMENT

THE BRITISH COLONIAL EMPIRE

SMUTS: SOLDIER, SCHOLAR, STATESMAN

Jan Christiaan Smuts, author of this special LIFE article, personifies the capacity of the British Commonwealth of Nations to convert its bitterest enemies into its most respected advocates. Smuts, though born a British subject on a South African farm 72 years ago, was a Boer by inheritance and, as such, took a distinguished part in the Boer War against the English. Yet in the peaceful years that followed he not only had a major hand in the organization of the Union of South Africa but contributed a vast amount of creative statesmanship to the whole British Empire.

As a soldier, Boer Smuts led a sensational Commando raid against the British. In World War I he commanded British Imperial troops in German East Africa. Today he is Field Marshal of the British Army—the only Field Marshal in the Dominions.

As a statesman, he sat with Lloyd George's inner War Cabinet (1917–18), supplied Wilson with original ideas for his League of Nations, and helped to make his "British Commonwealth of Nations" phrase (1917) a worldwide reality (1926).

As senior Prime Minister in that Commonwealth, Smuts has broken a long ministerial precedent to write for publication. But the Editors of LIFE persuaded this scholar of government that his views should be known in America as thoroughly as they are known and respected in Great Britain and the Dominions.—ED.

A world statesman gives LIFE some answers on how it can fit into post-war world with U. S. as partner

by JAN CHRISTIAAN SMUTS

Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa

have followed with interest the recent discussions in the American press on the British Empire and its colonies. These discussions have received an added importance from the intervention of Mr. Wendell Willkie. Anything from a public man of such high standing and so friendly a critic is certain to attract one as of the first importance not only as a domestic issue of the British Empire but also in its international aspects and not least in its possible bearing on the future of Anglo-American relations. A few remarks by me addressed to the American public may, therefore, not be out of place.

It is in fact not only the British system but the whole worldwide colonial issue which is raised with all its implications for the peace and for the post-war international order. This interest of America in the colonial question is heartily welcomed as evidence of its larger outlook on the international situation and the growing realization of its responsibilities reaching beyond "these states" and the Western Hemisphere. This interest

BRITISH COLONIAL EMPIRE (continued)

may become the basis of new fruitful contacts and collaboration.

Coming now to the British Empire and its colonial system, it is first of all necessary to get rid of ancient prejudice about the subject. The name of the British Empire stirs up memories of George III in Americans while in a Boer like myself it may conjure up visions of a dark page in British history. The fact, however, is that when today we talk about the British Empire it is not the same thing as the British Empire of bygone times. That old Empire is dead. It died at the end of the 19th Century. It found its grave in the Boer War. The Boers thus rendered the British people a priceless service, which they repaid by the return service of restoring free self-governing institutions to the conquered people within a few years after the British victory, and within eight years thereafter South Africa was a united country with full self-government and in due course with sovereign status in the world. This surely does not look like the old British Empire but like an entirely new thing animated by a new attitude toward human liberty. And indeed today it is the widest system of organized human freedom which has ever existed in history.

Empire's goal, full freedom for all

Twenty-five years ago in a wartime address to members of both houses of the British Parliament, I pointed out that the term "British Empire" was misleading, that the British system was not an empire like Rome or Germany or many others of the past, that it consisted of a vast congeries of states and territories in all stages of development, some free and fully self-governing, some in process of attaining full freedom and others in various stages along the road to freedom. I added that I preferred for it the name of the "British Commonwealth of Nations," a name which was subsequently endorsed by the imperial conferences and thus became the official name for Britain plus the free Dominions. The entire "Empire" consists of a great forward movement of states and territories which have either reached, or are still marching forward to, the goal of full freedom and independent status.

The inner dynamic, the motive force of this movement, is the principle of constitutional freedom. A great variety of political institutions are in operation all over the British world but all progressively planned for the attainment sooner or later of full freedom and self-government. In a recent able speech in the House of Lords, Lord Cranborne reviewed at length the details of the British colonial system and its progressive experiments, all working toward final freedom in the colonies. I need only mention that authoritative statement. That it is a system of political freedom and evercloser approximation to freedom is beyond question. The idea that the British colonial system is based on keeping people in subjection and exploiting them for Britain is, today at any rate, wildly and demonstrably preposterous.

What about India?

But it is retorted, what about India? Why is India not given her freedom? Why is she kept in political subjection against the wish of her peoples if it were not for British Imperialism? The answer is even simpler than the question. India, if she wills, can be free in the same way and by the same means as Canada, Australia and New Zealand are today free sovereign states. In all these states their peoples, through their representatives, came together, worked out a constitution for themselves and asked Britain to ratify the result, and in no case in vain. In Canada, French Canadians and British Canadians, in South Africa,



The students of St. Andrews University in Glasgow pull carriage of General Smuts and one of his four daughters in October 1934, at his honorary installation as rector of that

university. He had been elected rector three years before but arrived for his installation just before his term expired. General Smuts made a fine speech to the Scots boys about



In 1918, Lieut. General Jan Christiaan Smuts had been commander of unfinished campaign in German East Africa against German General von Lettow-Vorbeck, was South African member of British Imperial War Cabinet, South Africa's Minister of Defense, envoy to Peace Conference. When he got home he became Prime Minister.



the "double failure" of World War I and the peace afterward, leading to "politics founded on despair or desperation." Although he thought there would be no war, he warned:

"The disappearance of the sturdy, independent-minded, freedom-loving individual and his replacement by a servile mass mentality is the greatest human menace of our time."

In 1942, Field Marshal Smuts, who still prefers to be called General, is again Prime Minister of South Africa and commander in chief of the South African army of 200,000. This excellent fighting force includes a higher proportion (40%) of the eligible white male population than the U.S. armed forces, but still may fight only in Africa.

Dutch and English, after a century of struggle came together and made those grand compromises which are always the expression of the highest political wisdom.

The same course is open to India if the peoples of India will agree about the terms of a free constitution. Hitherto, it has been the bitter misfortune of India that her peoples or their leaders will not agree to do the thing which is their own clear responsibility and nobody else's. They cannot or will not make the grand compromise or national pact which will give them their freedom and secure their future, and they blame their failure on Britain. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings." Freedom is not a thing that can be imposed from without. It can only be created from within. Its very essence is that it is a free self-creation. It must be the free expression of India's own wise political soul.

India's freedom is India's job

Next to the winning of the war, the emancipation of India without internal disruption is today perhaps the greatest prize in the world. God give that India's peoples and their leaders may win this prize. God grant wisdom to experienced British statesmanship to help India out in this almost too heavy task before her. But in the last resort it is India's job and India's responsibility to herself and her future.

I have also heard the fall of Singapore given as an instance of the failure of the British colonial policy. But how so? Did not Siam, in full possession of national sovereignty, also succumb to Japan; did not Indo-China, a French colony, also succumb; did not the Dutch East Indies under the exemplary colonial government of the Netherlands also fall as they all fell because France fell, and Japan thus slipped through Indo-China, the defenseless back door of that world, and all the rest followed by the remorseless logic of war? Didn't the Philippines also fall in spite of their freedom and American protection? To use all this series of disasters as an argument against British or Dutch or French colonial policy is quite absurd and beside the mark.

So much for the past, the past of the colonies and the colonial system which has been such an important phase in the development of modern Europe. What of the future, the future of the colonies after this war?

Colonies in a different world

They grew up haphazard in the past. It was a mere matter of chance who among the competing nations happened to arrive first and first hoisted the flag. And their subsequent fate and rate of progress have depended largely on the qualities and the resources of the power to which they happened to belong. The question is how far they will fit into the new world that will emerge after the war. For it will in many important respects be a different world from that which the war overwhelmed. For one thing, it will be a world governed by the Atlantic Charter and similar international instruments, the world of international collaboration as distinct from the old competitive order, the world where colonies situated on the strategic routes of the world will become important items in the program of general security against war, the world of security bases for the United Nations, of controlled war materials and of equal supply of necessary raw materials for the economic needs of the world. I mention only a few matters obviously coming within the scope of the Atlantic Charter which will have a bearing on the future of colonies. Here too the laissezfaire policies of the past will have to make way for the necessary controls of the future. And to that extent the colonial individualism of the past will have to adjust itself to the collectivist requirements of general defense and security against war in the future.



In Egypt, just before October offensive, General Smuts takes the cheers of his South African troops. His men played a big part in rout of Rommel's Afrika Korps. They wear the

"red tabs" signifying that they may serve outside South Africa. Smuts is now seeking permission of South African Parliament for them to fight outside African continent.



With Churchill in Cairo last August, Smuts chucks chin of British Ambassador Lampson's son Victor (above). Below: Ou' Baas (Old Boss) Smuts and Mrs. Smuts in canna lily gar-

den of their South African farm, Doornkloof. Smuts's hope for the world is science, a union of all South Africa and a stronger League of Nations, but not a world federation.



BRITISH COLONIAL EMPIRE (continued)

I mention a few other points on the future of the colonies which appear to me important to consider.

In the first place, it would be unwise to disturb the existing administrative relationship between mother countries and their colonies. Mother countries should remain exclusively responsible for the administration of their colonies and interference by others should be avoided.

Little colonies grouped into big units

In the second place, wherever possible, isolated colonies belonging to a mother country should be grouped into larger units both for more efficient and economical administration, and for larger-scale development policies common to all. Thus British colonies in the West Indies or in the Far East or on the African continent could be grouped with larger powers assigned to the group, and corresponding decrease of power exercised in London. Such a change, involving decentralization so far as the mother country is concerned and centralization with larger powers so far as the colonies are concerned, would be a welcome advance in the direction of colonial freedom and responsibility, which is the general trend of colonial development.

As a further stimulus to the development of such an enlarged colonial unit, its general development policy should be entrusted to a council on which not only the British Government as the parent state but also the unit itself and any interested neighboring British Commonwealth, such as Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, could prove beneficial in the advance of their less-developed neighbors and colonial areas be enabled to make the best progress.

The U. S. should have a direct say

In the third place, there should be a system of regional grouping of colonies to whatever mother countries they happen to belong. Thus colonies in the West Indies or in the Far East or on the African continent could be grouped to whatever powers they may belong for purposes of ultimate control of defense or economic policy under the Atlantic Charter or for other purposes. While the mother countries will be exclusively responsible for the administration of their colonies, the ultimate control of general or common policy would come under a regional commission or council on which will be represented not only the mother countries but also others regionally interested for security or economic reasons. Thus the United States of America, although no colonial power, could be on the regional control council of the West Indies or of Africa or elsewhere. It appears to me essential that the United States of America should in the future have a direct say with the mother countries in the settlement of general colonial policies and some such organization as is here suggested that would give her the necessary status with the rights and responsibilities implied. I have no doubt that such a partnership of the United States of America in overhead colonial controls would be cordially welcomed so far as the British Commonwealth of Nations is concerned.

I have briefly indicated a few directions in which this war is likely to affect existing colonial arrangements. But I am aware that the whole subject is more complicated than would appear from this brief statement. And I hope that it will receive the careful attention and objective discussion which both its importance and its difficulties call for.

The peace conference, if and when it comes, should find public opinion prepared for a notable advance in the colonial development of less-advanced regions of the world.



LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

The Closer You Get to the Front The More Often You Pray to God

Our time will scarcely be remembered in history as a time of religious devotion. To be sure, most of us were brought up in solid Christian homes and have adhered to Christian standards. But during the last two decades many have been careless about church, and quite a few have deliberately tried to be godless. Maybe World War I did something to us. A lot of our intellectual leaders thought of themselves as "disillusioned." They got quite a kick out of being bitter and cynical and hopeless. Swearing became smart with both men and women. Whereas our forefathers consulted their pastors, seeking salvation in God, our age has consulted chiefly economists, seeking salvation in prosperity. Which, incidentally, we failed to achieve.

And yet people are talking differently today. You hear many speak of a "religious revival," of the need for a "spiritual awakening." Those who once professed godlessness do not seem to be so proud of the fact. Of course few of them ever were as bad as they pretended to be, but the difference today is that fewer are pretending to be bad. And this may mark a very significant turn. It may be that an era of disillusionment has passed; that a different era, possibly an era of search, is about to dawn.

Busy Chaplains

Perhaps the last place you would look for such a change to crop out is in the armed forces. And indeed the armed forces are not a Sunday School. Blasphemy is still a good old Army game, and in hot spots such as Guadalcanal or Tunisia the boys get pretty rough with God. Only a minority attend Army and Navy religious services. Yet the fact is that this minority is large, interest in things religious has been keen, and the chaplains have been unexpectedly busy and popular. Fort Lewis and Fort Lawton near Seattle both report substantial increases in attendance at religious services. So do Camp Grant and Fort Sheridan, outside Chicago. It is safe to say that there is much more religious interest today than in the last war, and attendance at religious services in the armed forces is at least comparable to that in civilian life. Says Captain R. D. Workman, Chief of Chaplains for the Navy: "Never before in the memory of our oldest officers has there been such interest in religion."

No Atheists in Foxholes

Bibles and prayers are frequently mentioned in news dispatches and personal stories from all over the world. Corporal Barney Ross, former welterweight and lightweight boxing champion, found himself in a mortar hole on Guadalcanal during a Jap attack, in the company of two wounded soldiers and a wounded marine, and "prayed for a solid hour." Lieutenant Colonel Warren J. Clear reports that he and a sergeant were both praying fervently and aloud while they crouched in a hole on Bataan during a heavy bombing attack. Said the sergeant afterward: "There are no atheists in foxholes." Private Bartek on Eddic Rickenbacker's raft had a small Bible with him, and he and the great aviator took turns reading it aloud. "When we got ashore," said Bartek, "we wanted to go to church." The "three men on a raft" who spent 34 days crudely navigating across the Pacific, as reported in LIFE, April 6, held almost daily prayers after the sixth day. In a recent dispatch from North Africa, Henry T. Gorrell, describing a bomber flight over the Mediterranean, reported that "the top gunner was sitting on the floor reading his Bible. He put it aside only when ordered to test his guns."

LIFE's correspondents agree that the nearer you get to real action the more evidence you find of a need to communicate with someone or something not yourself. A former Flying Tiger, returned from China, recently said, "I had the fear of God put in me the first time the Japs shot my plane up. It's still in me and I like it." Every buck private on Guadalcanal has had some thoughts on this subject. And while individual conclusions would vary, you could get the general drift by consulting almost any one of them. Just call him Private Joe.

Where the Tickets Come From

Private Joe comes from anywhere in the U. S. You can be perfectly certain that he has a hard fist—and a soft heart. He is proud of his ability to swear and fight, but human suffering can get him down. Joe finds that being under fire isn't so bad as long as you are in action. But before the action begins he sometimes has some bad moments, and after it is over there are all the smells and wounded and dead Japs, and some of his own buddies who won't ever speak again. One thing Joe doesn't like is sitting in a foxhole or some other improvised shelter under concentrated artillery fire, or when bombs seem to rip open the tropical sky on their way down into his lap. Under those circumstances Joe has worked out a pretty good philosophy. He figures that nothing will hit him unless it has his ticket tied to it, and if it hasn't then it won't. So why worry? The only trouble with this philosophy is that he sometimes gets to wondering who ties the tickets on. And when Joe reaches that point the sight of the regimental chaplain making his rounds under fire is pretty welcome.

So Joe has done some praying on Guadal-

canal—at least in the pinches. He isn't ashamed of it because he admits quite frankly that when he gets to the question of those tickets, he's stuck. Joe doesn't exactly pray that his life will be spared. He does—but it isn't that simple. What he wants is the assurance that he isn't really alone. If he had his way he would seek—and find—that assurance at home, from his folks, his girl, his friends. But he can't have those simple human assurances on Guadalcanal, where he needs them most. Which is why he sometimes likes to see the chaplain.

To Lead a Purposeful Life

Of course you can say that Joe doesn't deserve any credit for trying to communicate with God when he's under fire—it's just the natural reaction of fear. But in the first place, Joe doesn't want any credit. And in the second, there are other things to be afraid of, besides shells and bombs. There are things to be afraid of right here at home, things that don't kill you but make you ashamed. For instance, we can be plenty afraid of the possibility that maybe we will let Joe down.

That is what happened to Joe's father, who fought in World War I. Joe's father often wondered about the tickets, too, and his thoughts about them were pretty sober. But when Joe's father got home, after some tough experiences in Belleau Wood, he didn't find home the way he expected it to be. Maybe in dreaming about it at the front he had exaggerated how wonderful home was. Anyway, he found people pretty cynical and soft and selfish, and so he forgot about the tickets and joined in with the throng. America never did take a stand on the things that Joe's father thought he was fighting for, and the world just fell apart into a second and bigger world war. Joe Junior, now on Guadalcanal, is no political philosopher. But he is aware of what happened to his Dad, and all he can say is that if that must happen all over again, being under fire on Guadalcanal is a hell of a way to lead a purposeful life.

So the fact is that while our worries at home are different, less painful, less immediate than Joe's, we still have plenty to worry about. We have to worry about the home that Joe will come back to, its state of mind, its outlook, its integrity. We have to worry about the relationship of this home to the rest of the world, and what assurances we can give to Joe that everything won't fall to pieces again. Maybe these worries don't require consultation with God, the way Joe's worries do. But on the other hand, in view of what happened last time, maybe some consultation—beginning this Christmas 1942 would not be a bad idea. On the record, the attempt to make a decent world without it wasn't a very happy one.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

The picture on opposite page, taken in October by Toni Frissell, will be familiar to many American families. A similar one appears on the Christmas cards distributed to U. S. troops in England by the Red Cross. In London's historic St. Mark's Church, left roofless by Nazi bombs over two years ago, the white-robed boys of the London Choir School are singing for American soldiers and nurses during a service conducted by Rev. H. A. Stuckey.



On a Red Cross Christmas Card, U. S. Soldiers in England sent home this scene showing a service at bombed St. Mark's Church, London



Herd of buffalo near Selah, Wash, is driven through the sagebrush by roundup riders attempting to cut out steers which

will be fattened for market. Because of the meat shortage, Ranch Owner O. D. Gibson butchered 12 of these bison after

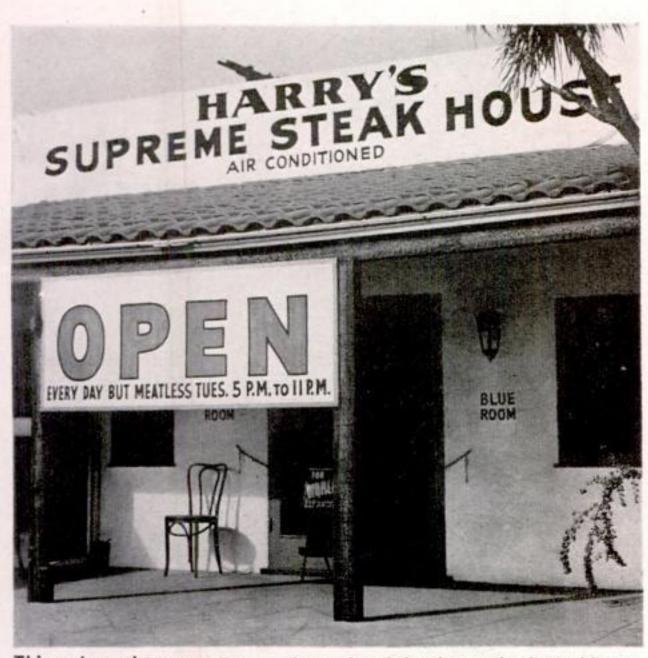
feeding them on grain for 90 days. This is one of the few privately owned herds, as most bison are on U.S. reservations.



Buffalo steer meat goes on sale at Dan's Market in Scattle. Although buffalo meat is more expensive than regular beef,

it was soon sold out. Prices are: boneless round steak, 65¢; sirloin and T-bone, 75¢; chuck steak, 50¢; pot roast, 45¢;

stew meat, 35¢. Dan's Market has bought some additional carcasses from the herd shown at the top of this page.



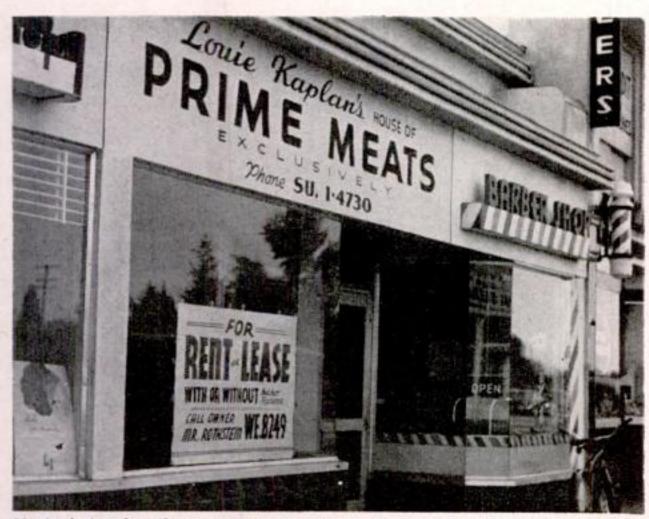
This restaurant, like most Los Angeles steak and chop houses, has limited hours. Many that are now operating on back stocks of meat may close entirely soon.

NO MEAT FOR SALE

Buffalo and horseflesh alleviate shortages

Last week Leon Henderson, OPA chief, who has often been accused of rationing too much, too soon, resigned. Among the heaviest headaches he left to his successor and Food Boss Wickard was the problem of rationing meat to a people who love to eat it. From coast to coast last week U. S. housewives were listening to the same lament at their butcher shops: "Sorry, no meat today—maybe tomorrow." In Southern California, where butter, eggs and other staple commodities also have disappeared from markets, the meat shortage is particularly acute. Butchers are shutting up shop (see below) and, while some steak and chop houses are skimping along on limited hours, over 900 restaurants in the Los Angeles area were forced to close within two weeks due to the combined effects of food, gas and labor shortages.

In some sections of the country enterprising meat packers and butchers were serving up unusual substitutes as a temporary solution. In the East and Midwest, horse meat appeared on the market (see right). Those who tried it found that horse meat was dark, coarse, sweet but palatable. In Seattle Dan Zido, operator of one of the city's biggest markets, bought 12 buffalo steers (see opposite page) averaging 800 lb. each, and quickly sold them out. Although buffalo is very tasty, if gamey, meat, Seattle's experiment was a novelty and not a possible solution to shortages as there are few bison herds available for slaughter.



Kaplan's butcher shop in Los Angeles is one of many closed due to meat shortages. Southern California has had to get along on 15% of last month's quota.



One lonesome lamb carcass is all that was left in the spacious meat-storage vault of the Consolidated Beef

Co. in Philadelphia. It is now impossible to purchase beef in Philadelphia while veal and lamb are scarce.



Horse meat, 30,000 lb. of it, arrived in Boston recently and was sold out in 48 hours. Housewives paid

25 to 35¢ a pound. The meat trays in Los Angeles markets (below) are frequently as empty as these.





Fred Dean, Pfc, was wounded in action after the landing at Fedala. He comes from Ashland, Ky.



Pvt. Alvin Franklin suffered his wound during the U. S. landing operations at Fedala. He and his brother once ran a farm at Rosefield, La.



Clarence Mead, Pfc, of Cimarron, Kan., tended his own wounds received in action at Casablanca.



Corp. George W. Scott, San Francisco, was rescued from waters of Fedala Bay after torpedoing.



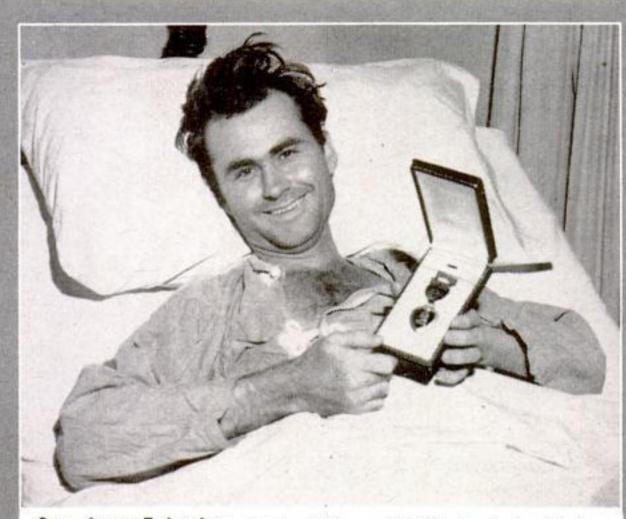
Pvt. Leroy Wooten, Sturgis, Miss., was in action for 25 hours at Safi. He was struck by a bomb fragment while guarding a warehouse on beach.



Corp. Roy Jones was wounded while storming the Fedala beach. He was a farmer in Kinston, Ala.



Sgt. William R. Taggs, of Chicago, was hit while attacking with his company at Port Lyautey.



Corp. James E. Lewis fought for 40 hours at Safi before being hit during a bombing attack by French planes. He comes from Pansey, Ala.



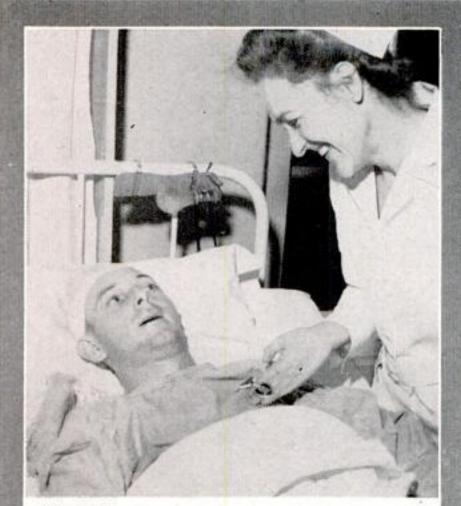
Arthur P. Amadore, Pfc, was hit during fierce action at Casablanca. He lives in Wilmington, Calif.

NORTH AFRICAN WOUNDED

Home from their first fight, U. S. soldiers smile with their medals at Army's Walter Reed Hospital

Last week the news from North Africa was still vague. People knew that Rommel had been broken at El Agheila and, with part of his army trapped, was fleeing with his columns down the coastal roads to his sea base of Tripoli (see following pages). They knew that Darlan had publicly stated that his rule was only temporary and that he would abide by his countrymen's decision after an Allied victory had been won. But what they mostly wanted to know about was the situation of the American and British troops in Tunisia.

For more than a month the battle had been joined. At first, the American people had expected an immediate victory. Then the disturbing reports of Axis air-borne reinforcements, of the German resistance and finally advances began to sift back



John D. Kurtz, Pfc, comes from Hightstown, N. J. He was wounded somewhere in North Africa.



Pvt. Adam Harvey was at Casablanca two days before being wounded. He comes from Youngstown, Ohio, and worked for the Erie Railroad.



Pvt. Robert E. Claus's unit was surprised at Rabat; he was wounded. He comes from Indianapolis.



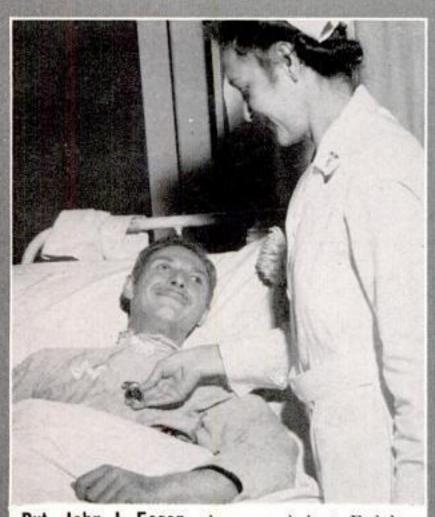
Pvt. Everett L. Vannier, Hildreth, Neb., used to be a farmer. He was hit during fighting at Safi.



Corp. Oliver J. Kirby used to live in Knoxville, Tenn. He was wounded in the American landing operations at Casablanca in French Morocco.



Pvt. John O'Donnell's outfit was fighting tanks beyond Blue Beach at Fedala when he was hit.



Pvt. John J. Eagen, also wounded at Fedala, worked for General Motors at Union City, N. J.



Corp. Paul J. Downey received his injuries during landing operations at Fedala. He comes from Charleston, Ill., used to be a shipping clerk.



Lieut. Landis D. Morris was hit at Safi. He is from Olar, S. C., wants to get back in the fight.

from that storm-clouded, unknown front. At the week's end, strong German forces had partially ringed and were shelling the Allied strong point of Medjez-el-Bab, 38 miles southwest of Tunis. From an apparent pushover, the battle of Tunisia and its key ports of Bizerte and Tunis had developed into a bloody and serious affair.

What worried most people was the unreality of the Tunisian fight. News reports on the battle were fragmentary and late. There were no newsreels, pictures or radio reports. It was hard to form a comprehensive idea of what the land was like or what obstacles faced an invading force. For the same reasons, all of the North African campaign had seemed unreal to most Americans. Since their first elation, when the

invasion had been announced, the people at home had been given few solid facts. What really brought the African war home to the U.S. were pictures like the ones on these pages. They are of American soldiers, wounded in action on the beach-heads and battlefields of French Morocco and Algeria. Since Nov. 28, casualties have been coming back to Eastern ports, from which they have been sent to the Army's big Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C. At the hospital, the men have been doctored, nursed and rested after the ordeal of battle. For faithful service and wounds received in that ordeal, most of the men have been awarded the Purple Heart, the Army's oldest medal. These bits of enamel and ribbon, and the bandaged limbs of the soldiers, are eloquent proof that the war in Africa is a bitter struggle.



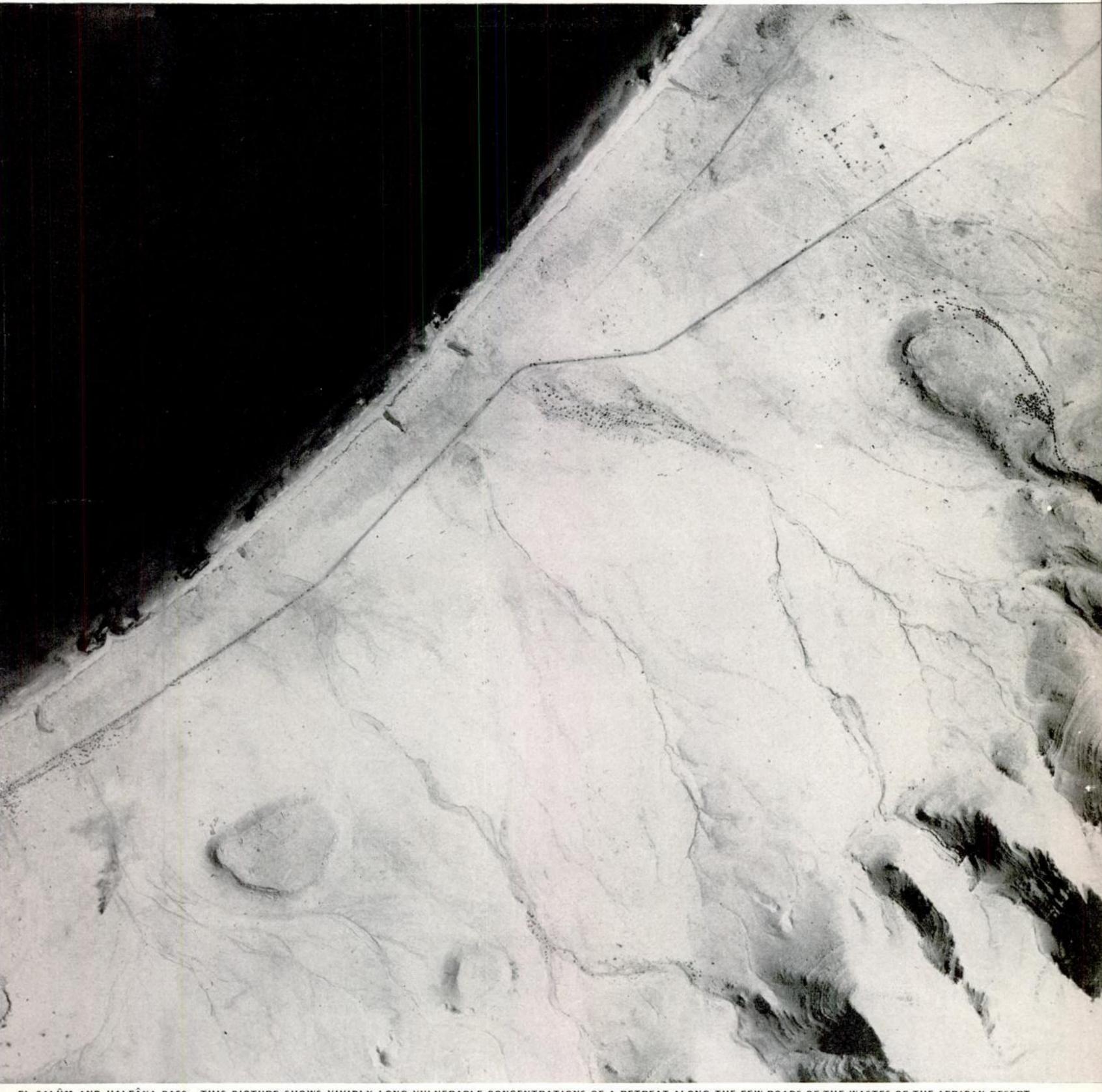
BRITISH WATCH ROMMEL'S ROUT

Air photo shows big German retreat

On the morning of Nov. 7 a British reconnaissance plane, flying at 20,000 ft., took this magnificent aerial picture of the army of Field Marshal Erwin Rommel in full retreat westward along the Mediterranean coast road in Egypt. It is five miles from El Salûm's Observatory Point at extreme left to the entrance to Halfâya Pass at extreme right. In this area are visible more than 1,000 Axis vehicles—trucks, armored cars, tanks, gun tractors, motorcycles and all the wheeled and tracked impedimenta of modern war. There are three maggot masses of congestion, at far left and center of coast road and inside oyster-shaped

American bombers have managed to block the road with bomb pits or by setting afire Axis vehicles. A few of the vehicles are already wrecks.

The road block at the left, between El Salûm's police station and guardhouse, has backed up about 550 vehicles, while another 60 or so have slipped past, to the hairpin turn at Salûm Pass at extreme left. The road block at center has slowed down 330 vehicles, with another 100 coming up behind them. On the Halfâya hill road at right, to the top of the escarpment, are 300 more vehicles, most of them heading up the



EL SALÛM AND HALFÂYA PASS. THIS PICTURE SHOWS VIVIDLY LONG VULNERABLE CONCENTRATIONS OF A RETREAT ALONG THE FEW ROADS OF THE WASTES OF THE AFRICAN DESERT

escarpment, though some have grown discouraged by the road block and are cutting back down to the coast road. Hidden away in the ravine at lower right is what appears to be a supply dump. Two columns of smoke rise from some sort of destruction. There are bomb pits close to both fires.

The ground here is fairly hard and does not show tracks clearly. Notice the dim outlines of the destroyed buildings along the road. Blowing sand has already almost obliterated their masonry. The channels running down to the Mediterranean are the sanded-up wadies of the sudden torrents of the wet season. Two

of them on the right are dotted with thorn trees, which should not be mistaken for vehicles.

The morning sun, off to the right of the picture, casts clear shadows. Marshal Rommel's rear guard was fighting at El Salûm on Nov. 11, by which time this huge caravan was 200 miles farther west, moving across the cold, rocky plateau of Cyrenaica toward the temporary shelter of El Agheila. No picture has ever shown so well the nature of desert war which in its ebb and flow takes on the aspect of the Lincoln Highway on the Fourth of July, going out in the morning, coming back in the evening. It is a vast automotive

marathon race, except that there are no gasoline stations and hot-dog stands in the desert and the enemy is bombing and strafing the jammed lanes of Sunday drivers.

By last week Rommel's harried caravan had covered about 1,000 miles of the 1,500 miles from El Alamein "at the gates of Alexandria" to his base at Tripoli. His rear guard was being severely mauled in action 70 miles west of El Agheila. The first law of war, which is concentration, would suggest that he would be wise to get everything possible out of Libya and concentrate in Bizerte and Tunis for a final stand there.



LIEUT. GENERAL HENRY H. ARNOLD TELLS TEN ACRES OF AVIATION CADETS THAT AMERICA IS READYING MIGHTY AIR WEAPONS TO USE AGAINST AXIS LANDS AND ARMIES

ARNOLD REVEALS AIR FORCES' FUTURE

On Dec. 13, Lieut. General Henry H. ("Hap") Arnold, chief of the Army Air Forces, addressed the combined graduating classes of four Texas Army flying schools—Randolph, Kelly, Brooks and Hondo Fields. His speech was filled with prophecy and good news for the young airmen and all Americans. For in it he revealed that powerful new flying weapons are now being developed for use against the Axis. And he made official the fact that the weapons now in use by our aerial fighters are more than a match for any present German, Italian or Japanese aircraft.

General Arnold's first good news was that Allied production of airplanes is in excess of 4,000 a month, and that U. S. production alone is more than that of Germany and Japan combined. Our planes have a fighting ratio of 4-to-1 against the enemy. American heavy bombers have made 1,063 sorties over Europe, losing 32 planes in combat and to anti-aircraft fire. But, in addition to bomb damage accomplished on their missions, the bombers have destroyed 293 en-

emy planes, probably destroyed 150 and damaged 192.

He emphasized American innovations in aerial warfare such as the use of parachute bombs which explode just above the ground with deadly effectiveness to enemy troops. He praised U. S. flight training which has made our military flying record the safest of any air force in the world. And he justified the faith held by Army officials in our military aircraft, in the face of severe criticism from all sides, which was finally proven in the aerial battlefields of Europe, Africa and the Pacific.

But General Arnold's real news came in his vision of the future. "We have a secret weapon or two up our aerial sleeves that will deal paralyzing blows to our enemies," he told the young airmen. "Entirely new battle wagons are on the way. The present-day Flying Fortresses and Liberators are perhaps the last of the 'small bombers.' Our standard 50-cal. machine guns are terrific weapons of aerial destruction but they will seem like peashooters compared with

the firepower that we are putting into our newest big ships. Our pursuit ships can now take good pictures at 300 miles an hour from 30,000 ft., accurately enough to show up individual railroad ties." With such fearsome weapons being readied, the country could well afford to be proud.

But General Arnold is not satisfied with past records or future promises. He told the cadets that he wants U. S. aerial combat superiority increased from 4-to-1 to 10-to-1. He warned that the Axis would do its utmost to bring out aircraft models to match our best. And he told the men who were graduating from school to combat, of Captain Edward L. Larner of San Francisco, who flew his plane—filled with holes and covered with branches torn from trees in its low, halting flight—back to its home base. "That pilot never heard the word 'quit,'" said General Arnold. And, looking at the resolute faces of the men of Randolph, Kelly, Brooks and Hondo, he could be sure none of them knew that word's meaning.

New, approved amphells Campbells Soups!

MORE INGREDIENTS! MORE DELICIOUS! MORE NOURISHING!

Richer, More Nourishing Soups for a Nation at War!

In line with the Government's wartime requirements, each Campbell's Soup is today made to a new and improved recipe. More ingredients!—more of the fine meats, the plump Government-inspected chickens, the crisp and luscious vegetables—more of these fine ingredients than ever before go into each can of Campbell's Soup that's made today.

Each soup has been individually studied to determine how it could be stepped up in food and flavor value...stepped up to do an even more important share in feeding a nation at war.

Out of all this have come new and improved recipes...soups of higher nourishment, richer flavor, giving more satisfaction and enjoyment than ever.

You'llfind these Campbell's Soups, as they are made today, so crammed full of hearty nourishment that they can play a bigger part than ever in your plans for nutritious meals.

Naturally, it costs more to make these new and improved Campbell's Soups. And recognizing this fact, the Government has authorized a higher price to cover the added cost.

These new and improved soups are well worth the extra cost—a greater value for your wartime food budget.

There's a shelf-full of thrilling new surprises at your grocer's now! Each new, improved Campbell's Soup is plainly marked, "NEW AND IMPROVED RECIPE" as shown here. You'll find the kinds you and your family like best. You'll want to go through the wholerange of soups that Campbell's now make, and get acquainted with each of them! They're richer, more nourishing soups for a nation at war.

50% MORE CHICKEN IN CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP!

Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup has always been liked, since it is real <u>chicken</u> noodle soup with rich chicken stock and lots of pieces of chicken. Now there's 50% more chicken in it!... 50% more chicken in the broth and 50% more pieces of chicken. Taste how rich and hearty!

CHICKEN NOODLE

A BRAND-NEW DELIGHTFUL GREEN PEA SOUP!

A new, delicious pea soup that will delight you. It's made of tender, sweet green peas blended with fine table butter. And the first time you taste it you'll discover it has the good taste of new peas fresh from the garden at the peak of the season. Try it soon!



HEARTIER BEEF TASTE IN CAMPBELL'S CONSOMMÉ!

The rich, invigorating beef flavor of Campbell's Consommé has been made even richer and heartier. Into each can of it goes more of the rich goodness of simmered-down beef. Here's a clear beef broth that's a grand hot cup on a raw, wet day, or an ideal start for any dinner.



LOOK FOR THE "NEW AND IMPROVED RECIPE" MARKER ...



...ON EACH CAMPBELL'S SOUP LABEL

Try these New, Improved Soups as Campbell's Make them now!

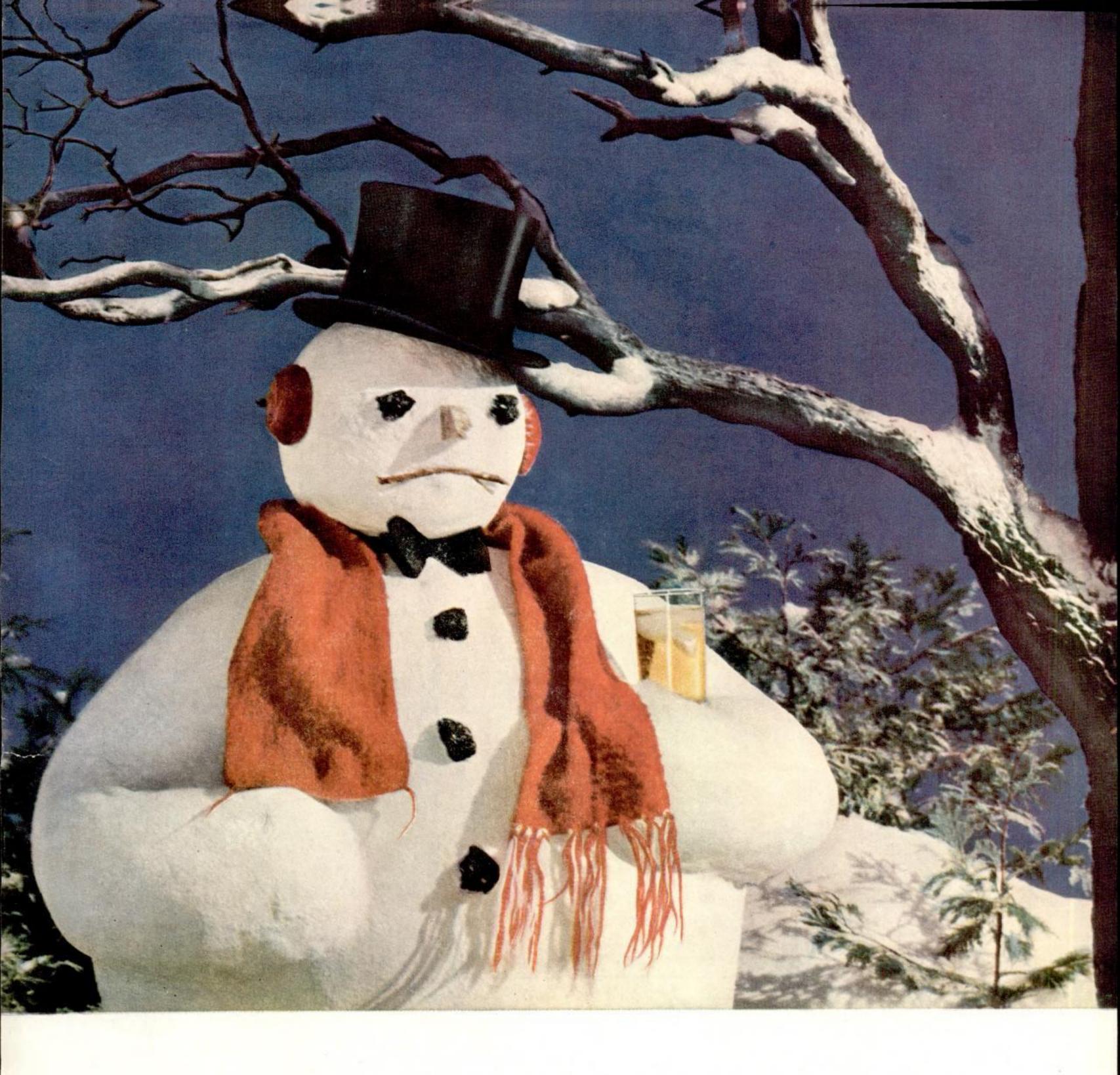
Asparagus Beef Bouillon Chicken Chicken Gumbo Chicken Noodle Clam Chowder Consommé

Consommé Madrilène

Green Pea Mock Turtle Ox Tail Pepper Pot Scotch Broth Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetarian Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef

NOW! CHICKEN GUMBO WITH LOTS MORE CHICKEN!

For nearly two years now this excitingly different chicken soup has been making news. People like it for its savory, rich flavor, borrowed from an old New Orleans recipe. Now it's made with more chicken, more vegetables, too, for a deeper richer taste...and for added nourishment.



What a terrible fix I'm in!

I WOULDN'T FEEL so badly about it if they had put just an ordinary whiskey-and-soda in my hand.

But they gave me one of the world's most glorious drinks . . . a wonderfully smooth and flavorful Four Roses-and-soda.

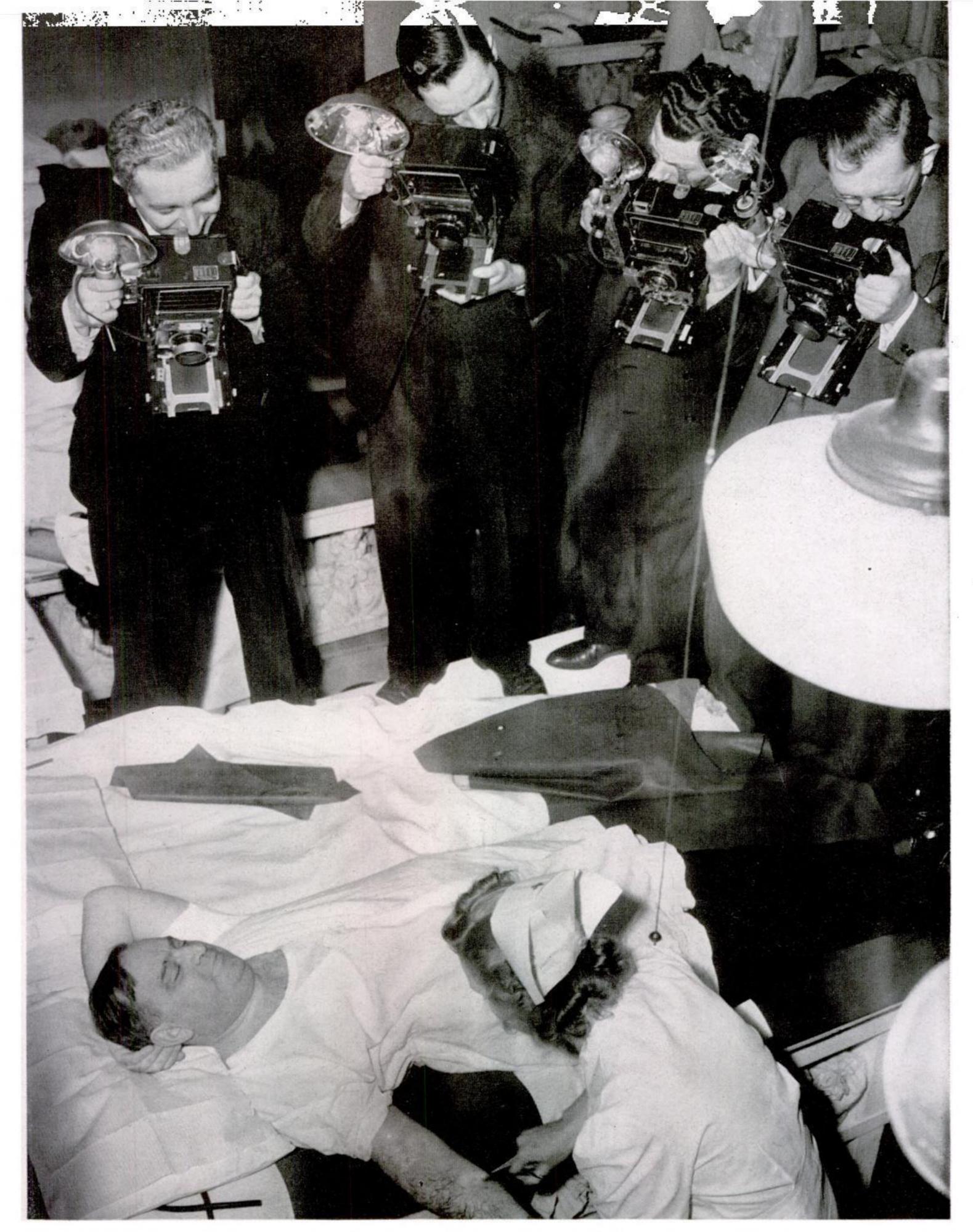
Then they let me freeze, so that I can't possibly raise the Four Roses-and-soda to my lips. It's tragic, I tell you.

But you who are not snow men aren't in the fix I'm in. YOU can get a Four Roses-andsoda at your favorite bar. Or you can take home a bottle of this gloriously rich and mellow whiskey. Then YOU can pour a generous jigger of Four Roses into a glass and add ice and soda.

And, best of all, You can lift this magnificent drink to your fortunate lips and sip it. Lucky, lucky you!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.





MAYOR'S BLOOD

LaGuardia gives Red Cross a pint

To celebrate his 60th birthday, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, New York's once colorful, now crotchety Mayor, opened his veins for the war effort, gave a pint of blood to the Red Cross. At the Red Cross center the Mayor's hairy right arm was prepared for the needle by Nurse Bradshaw (see above). Cameramen were permitted to photograph the scene as the Mayor's reluc-

tant contribution to publicizing the war effort. When it was over reporters asked him how he felt. The Mayor shook his head. He is not speaking to reporters these days. They do not, he says, understand him. He rested ten minutes, drank a cup of coffee, and was ready to resume his personal war with reporters, secretaries, unions, OCD, coffee lovers and Mussolini.

Washington bigwigs turned out for Norris' farewell banquet in the ornate Chinese Room of the Mayflower Hotel. Sena-

tor Joe Guffey, the host, sits at speakers' table (center rear), flanked by Senator Norris and Vice President Henry Wallace.



Norris and Lord Halifax, British Ambassador, chat amicably before dinner. In 1917 Norris was leader of six Senators who voted against U. S. participation in the war as England's ally.

GOODBY TO MR. NORRIS

Party honors ex-Nebraska Senator

ast week the 77th Congress, the longest continuous session in history, came to an end. Among other things it marked the passing from Capitol Hill of George W. Norris of Nebraska who, after 30 years in the U.S. Senate, had been defeated in the November elections. To bid this great American a fond farewell, Senator Joseph Guffey of Pennsylvania gave a testimonial dinner for his 81-year-old colleague at Washington's Mayflower Hotel (see left). Before dinner Norris passed up cocktails, acted puzzled over reasons for the party, told Michigan's Prentiss Brown that Brown's defeat was "a greater loss than mine." The roster of those who came to honor Norris read like a Washington "Who's Who." There was the Vice President, Admirals Leahy and King, most of the Supreme Court, Economic Board Boss Byrnes, the Ambassadors of Britain, China, Turkey, Argentina, Chile and dozens of other distinguished diplomats.

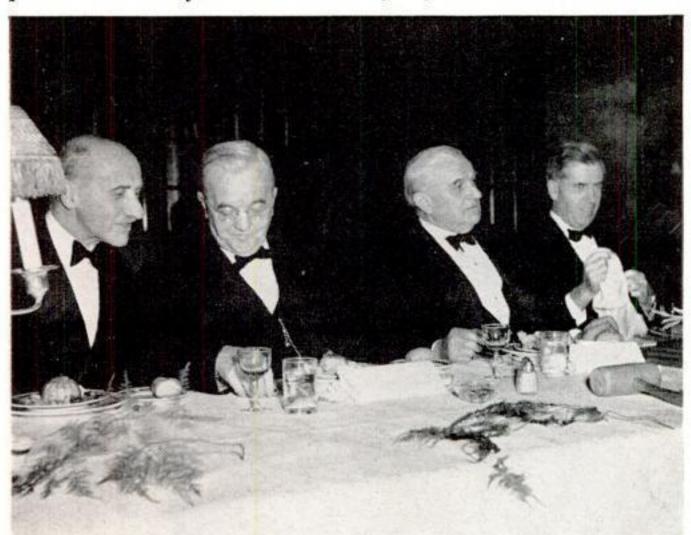
When Guffey called him one of the greatest Americans, Norris looked sheepish. When Toastmaster Justice Black said he had learned to love him, Norris looked embarrassed. He looked that way as speaker after speaker compared him favorably with Webster, Jefferson, Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt. But when he stood up to speak himself, his eyes a little watery, a trifle red, the shyness disappeared. Vigorously he waded into class selfishness, ignorance of war aims, slowness of U. S. preparations for peace with responsibility. When he sat down, his listeners were agreeing with the President's message to Norris: "In these critical days we need your counsel as never before."



Norris and Admiral Leahy, the President's chief of strategy, discuss the war. Although most guests were tuxedos, Norris came in his familiar black suit, soft white shirt, black string tie.



Norris brought Jo Davidson, his friend, to the dinner. The bearded sculptor, when praised for his recently finished bust of Norris, said, "It takes two to make a bust."



With Norris at the speaker's table are Belgian Ambassador Robert van der Straten Ponthoz, Guffey and Wallace. Supreme Court Justice Black acted as toastmaster.



Norris and oldtime Senate colleagues, Guffey, Barkley and Byrnes, exchange memories. Byrnes, ex-South Carolina Senator, now heads Economic Stabilization Board.

In addition to temporary relief measures, start right now to do the things that help your system throw off the infection. Most health authorities agree on these five steps. And lemons help with all five.



AUTHORITIES SAY, DO THIS		HOW LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5 STEPS	
1	Keepwarm; avoid further chill.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.	
2	Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Lemon drinks go down easily-taste good even when you have a cold!	
3	Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which combats fatigue. It is a primary anti-infection vitamin.	
4	Keep elimination regular.	Lemon and soda (or lemon and plain water) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.	
5	Alkalinize your system.	Frequent glasses of lemon and soda, or lemon and water, are excellent to offset acid condition.	

To gain the above benefits of lemons, start with a hot lemonade, then take lemon and soda (or lemon and plain water) every few hours as long as cold lasts. Try it! If cold does not respond, call your doctor.

How to make Lemon & Soda



Pour juice of 1 lemon into half glass of water.

Add ¼ to ½ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

BANNS SODA

Consumed at once soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

DON'T WAIT FOR COLDS TO START!

Keep from getting run-down. Lemons, providing a natural alkalinizer, a mild laxative and vitamin C protection all in one, can help you keep up to par. Millions now take this refreshing health drink daily. Try lemon and soda (or just lemon and plain water) each morning on arising.

Copr., 1942, California Fruit Growers Exchange

Sunkist Lemons

100 7AKE COLD

1116 LEMONS

"Today at the Duncans' "-CBS, 6:15 P.M., E.T.-Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays

The right way to read the funny paper



Yea.

This is the way to protect young eyes, keep them bright and alert. Sit up straight when reading. Place the lamp so that it shines fully on the reading matter, and so that there are no shadows on the page. The pages should be held at the recommended distance from the eyes—from 14 inches for younger children up to 18 inches for adults.



The wrong way to read is with the paper spread on the floor, with shadows falling on the paper. This causes eye strain and unnecessary eye fatigue.



Don't put the paper between you and the light. Sit next to the lamp so that the light falls on the page you are reading. Then there will be no cause for frowns and eye strain.

BUY PROTECTION for eyes and purse with Westinghouse Mazda Lamps. They stay bright, last long, and give utmost light for your money because they are designed and built to the highest standards of quality and performance.

Westinghouse
* MAZDA LAMPS

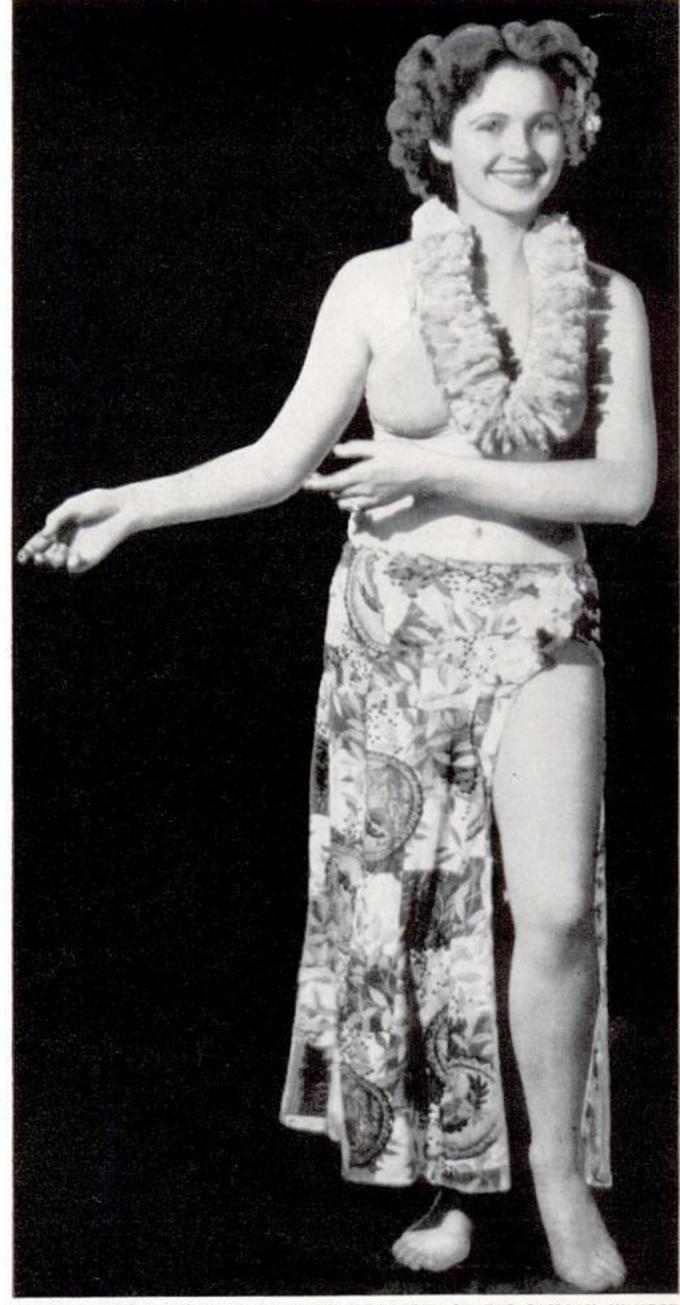


WAAC STRIP-TEASER

Brunette who did burlesque bumps gets bounced

Last week there was one more unemployed burlesque beauty and one less WAAC. As a result of an unprecedented court-martial, Mrs. Kathryn Doris Gregory, 22, of Fort Worth, Texas, was given a discharge "other than honorable" from Fort Des Moines, Iowa, WAAC Training School, for being A. W. O. L. and also for "dancing" at the Casino, a burlesque house.

On Nov. 22, fed up with close-order drill and standing at attention, Mrs. Gregory posed as a stranded showgirl and landed a spot in the Casino's chorus. In four days she had wiggled her way up to "Samoan Love Dancer" (below), doing a strenuous bump strip to rhythmic native music. She was billed as Amber d'Georg of Hollywood. Two days later WAAC police discovered her. Pending a full investigation, she was sent to the WAAC hospital to be treated for a minor back injury. After the court-martial Mrs. Gregory was well enough to leave for Chicago where she is now hunting a job. The former chorus girl, who claims extensive experience with various George White and Earl Carroll girlie shows, told Chicago reporters that her daring Des Moines dance was not a strip routine but a "tribal dance." Clad in a G. I. khaki-colored jersey slip, only memento of her quick turn in the Army, the Texas teaser asked, "What's sexy about me?"



AMBER D'GEORG (EX-WAAC KATHRYN GREGORY) STARTS SAMOAN NUMBER

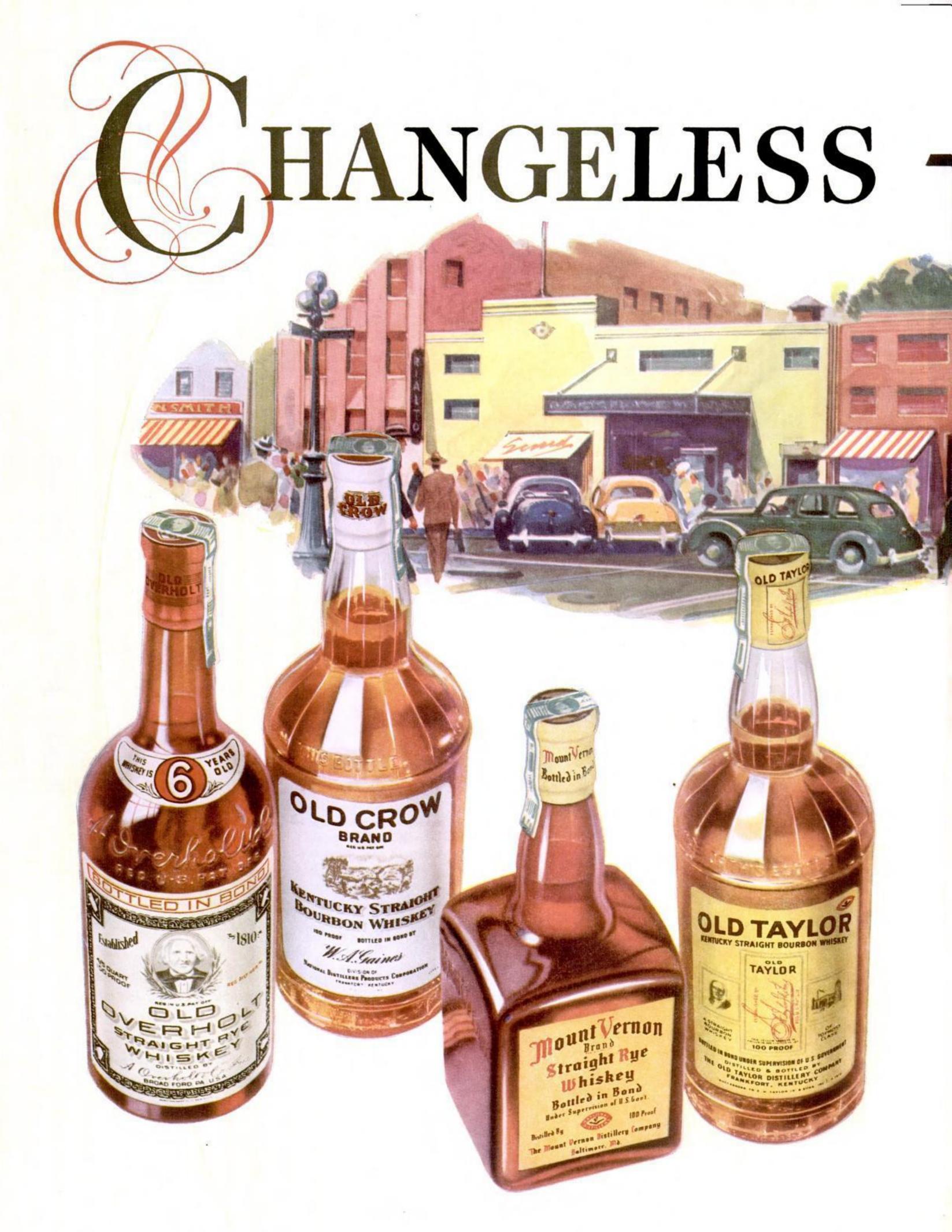


Westerner in Manhattan

She gives her apartment in New York the bright touch of her native west with Bates "Painted Desert" bedspreads and matching draperies. Wherever you may be living during these unsettled days there's still some special part of America you love best. Whether home means towering mountains or rolling farmland or blue coastal waters, there's some pattern in Bates new Home Country Series especially for you. • In a

year when costly redecoration is inconceivable, new Bates bedspreads and draperies can do a complete redecorating job for your bedroom...quickly...inexpensively. There's a practical angle too, they're easy to launder, wrinkleproof, lint-free, packable for traveling. Leading stores throughout America are now proudly featuring Bates Home Country Series, a stirring pageant of new patterns inspired by the color and beauty of America. Single and double size spreads \$3.95 to \$6.95. Draperies per pair slightly higher than matching bedspreads.





IN A WORLD OF CHANGE



You DON'T mind having "cuffless" trousers or "tailless" shirts or cutting down on sugar or Sunday driving . . . no, sir, not if it helps win the war!

And if the makers of your pet products have to make a few war-time changes, you'll play ball, just as every other red-blooded American will for freedom's sake!

But with all this changing going on, it's good to remember that OLD GRAND-DAD, OLD TAYLOR, OLD CROW, OLD OVERHOLT and MOUNT VERNON are products that needn't be and won't be changed as long as they are bonded whiskies! For generations these names have stood for the greatest bonded whiskies in the world.

Bonded whiskies are produced under the strict provisions of the Bottled-In-Bond Act which regulates the details of storage, aging, bottling and labeling to protect the whiskey until it reaches the consumer. The regulations are rigidly enforced and there are just no "cuffs" to trim off a bottle of bonded whiskey.

OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD TAYLOR

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD CROW

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY-RYE OR BOURBON

MOUNT VERNON

STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT

STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

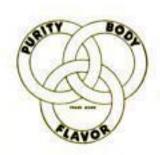
How American it is ... to want something better!



There are many americans yet living who once depended upon the Pony Express for mail service. But California today is only "overnight" from Maine.

On every side of us are signs of American progress, the results of our national habit of hunting out the better things—big or little.

IN THE FIELD of the moderate beverages the search for something better seems to have led a great number of us in one straight line to the ale you see pictured here. Its famous 3-ring "Purity," "Body," "Flavor" trade mark has become the symbol of something better to so many people that it is now—

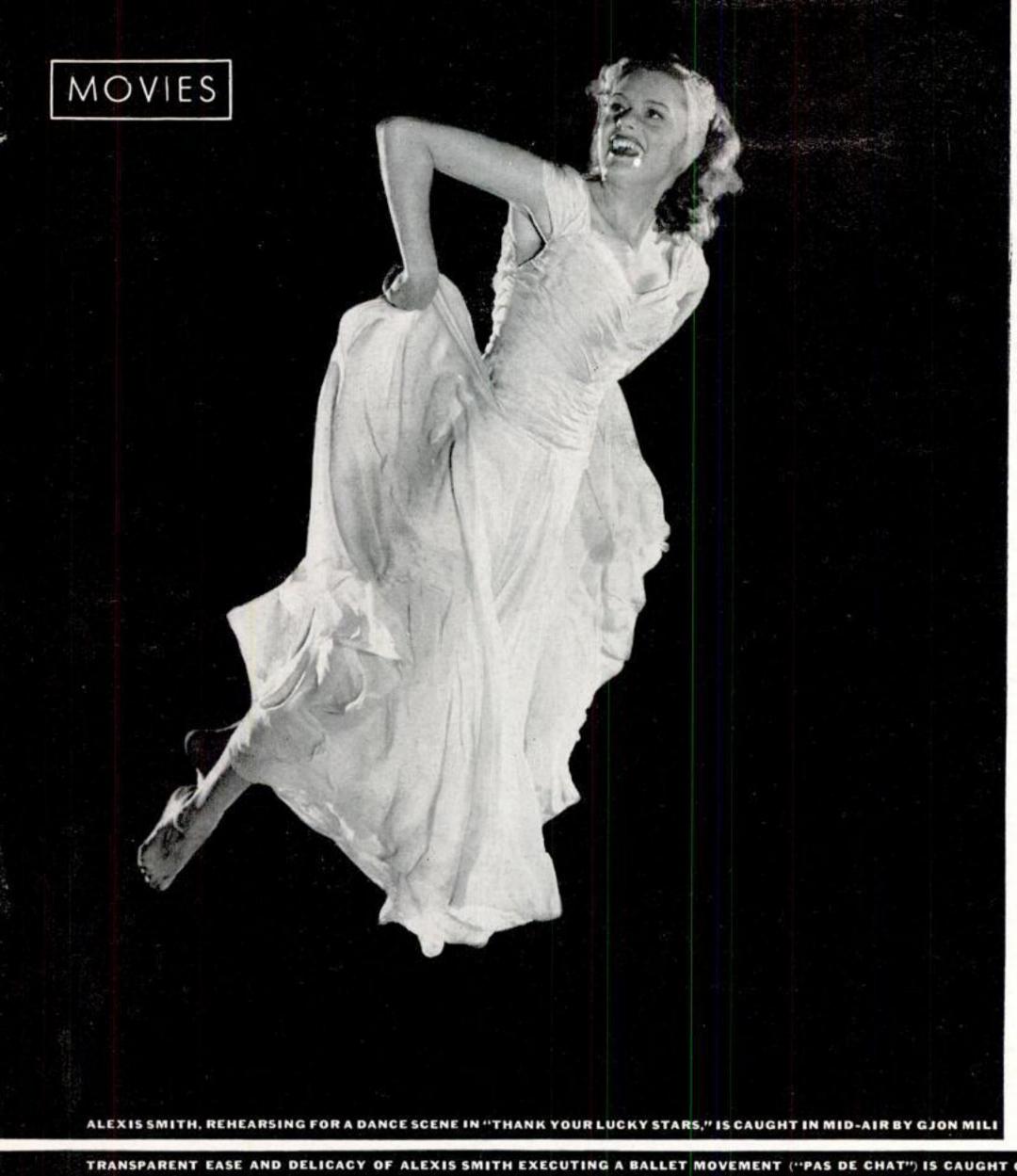


America's largest selling Ale









HIGH-SPEED CAMERA GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

Gjon Mili makes stars stand still

To take the pictures on these pages, LIFE sent Gjon Mili on his first trip to Hollywood. There in that mecca of klieg lights and special effects, Mili showed the celluloid world that he too had some new tricks up his photographic sleeve.

In Hollywood high-speed camera work was nothing new but Mili, who is half photographer and half engineer, did more than take pictures of whizzing tennis balls and light bulbs being broken. Picturing Alexis Smith leaping through the air (below), he demonstrated that he could capture on one negative more grace and beauty than Hollywood cameramen get on many feet of motion-picture film. Secret of this "frozen" action is the stroboscopic light developed technically by M.I.T.'s Professor Harold E. Edgerton and used with greatest editorial force by Mili. To take these pictures a lightning-like light is synchronized to flash at intervals. Exposures are made each time the light flashes, and since the speed of the flash equals that of the object, the object appears to be standing still.

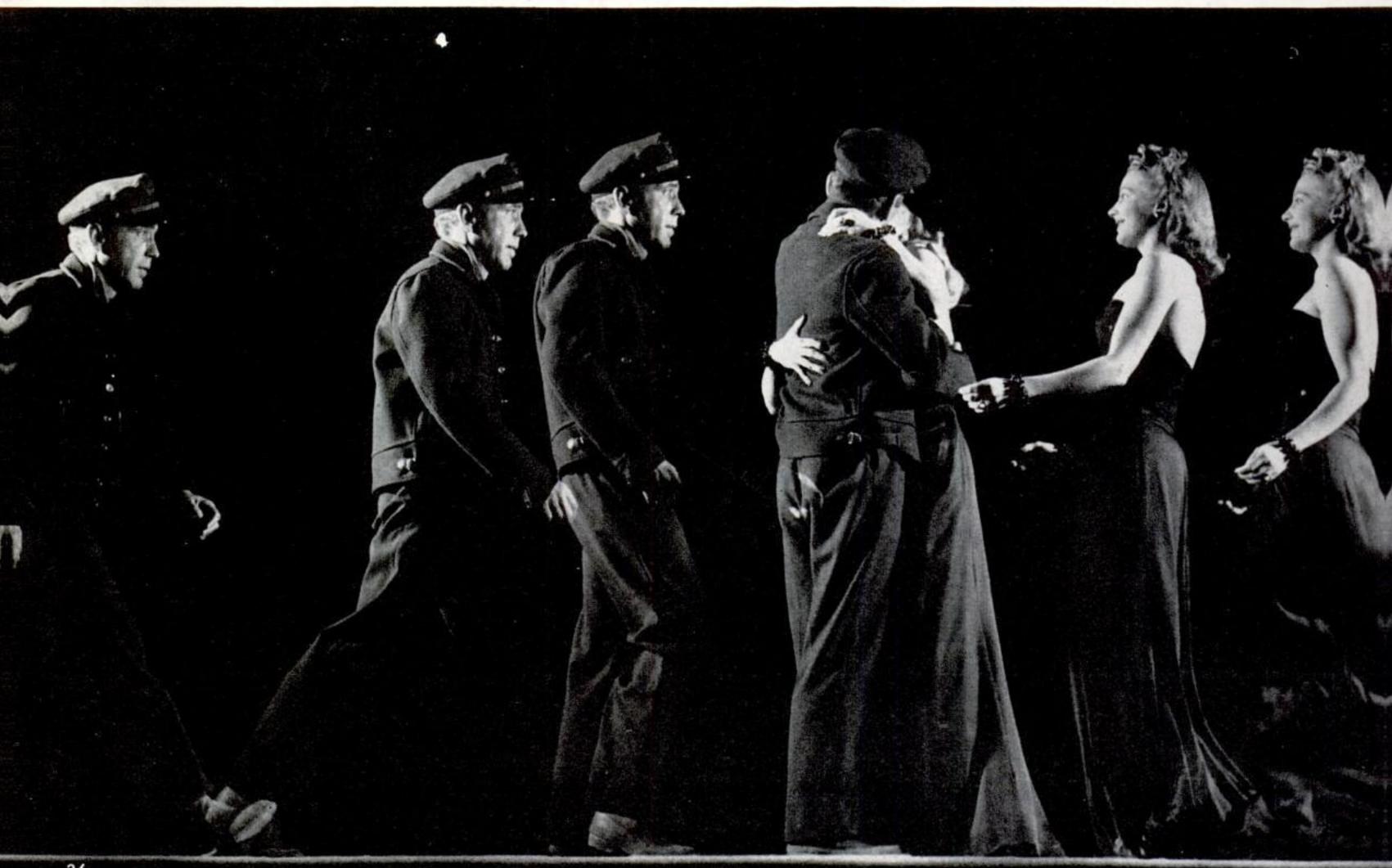
Working in movie studios, Gjon Mili impressed the "grips" with his knowledge of engineering, the stars with a new-type photograph for their scrapbooks. Most of all he made directors sit up and take notice, for in his "frozen" action pictures they saw something that may lead to a new departure in the study of dramatic technique. For examples of this, turn the page and see Gjon Mili's multi-flash exposures of filmdom's most universal action—the kiss.



High-Speed Camera Goes to Hollywood (continued)



NANCY COLEMAN AND HELMUT DANTINE DEMONSTRATE TENSE EMOTION AS THEY STRIDE TOWARD EACH OTHER FOR A BACK-BENDING KISS IN THEIR NEW MOVIE, "EDGE OF DARKNESS"



36
HUMPHREY BOGART IN A SCENE FROM "ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC" MOVES SLOWLY BUT WITH DETERMINATION TO MEET PRETTY JULIE BISHOP IN A HIGH-REACHING EMBRACE



DEANNA DURBIN SEEMS TO BE DANCING INTO THE ARMS OF HER NEW LEADING MAN, EDMOND O'BRIEN, AS THEY MEET FOR A CONVENTIONAL KISS IN "TONIGHT AND FOREVER"

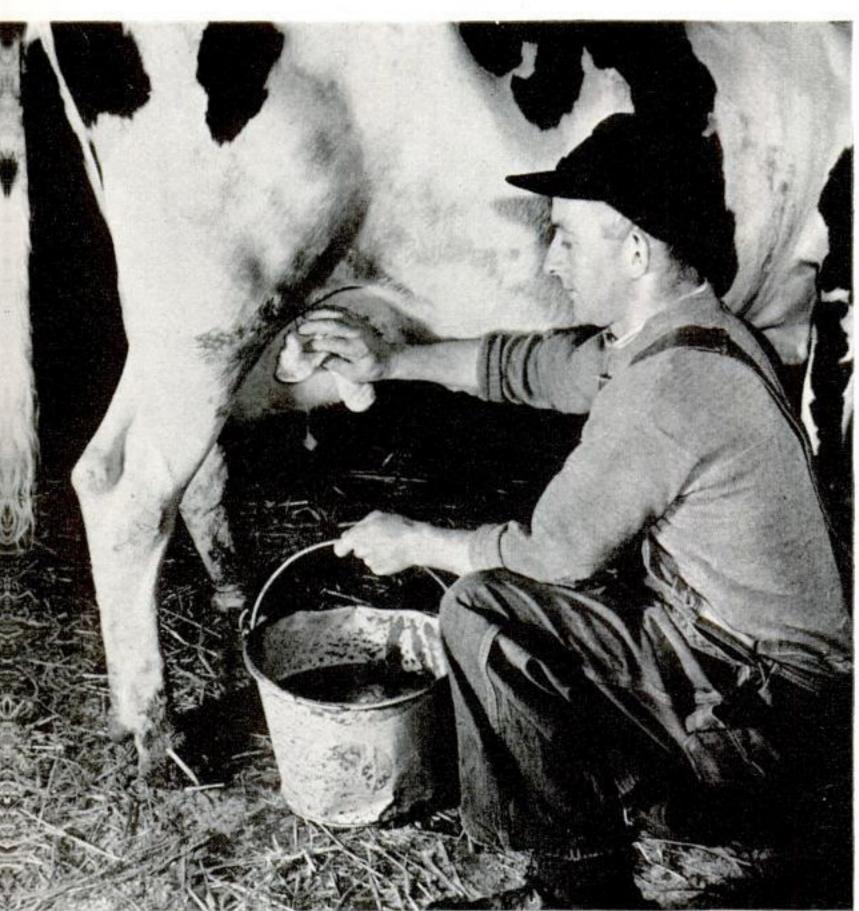






BASIC MOTION OF MILKING IS BEGUN BY GRIPPING TEAT BETWEEN FOREFINGER AND THUMB

WHILE MILK IS TRAPPED IN TEAT, SECOND FINGER SQUEEZES FIRST PART OF STREAM



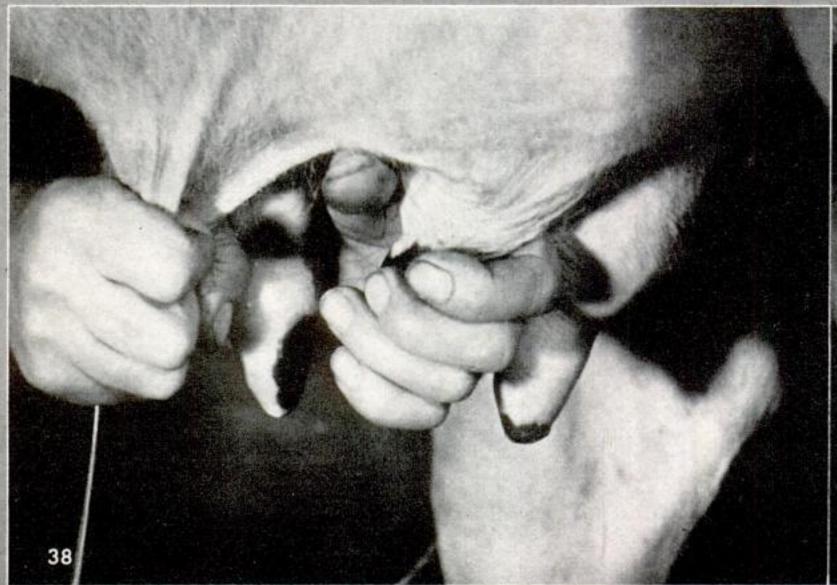
Milker washes udder with warm water before milking to clean and soften skin. Cows are crochety, give most milk when treated calmly and gently. Cow above is a Holstein, a big milk producer.

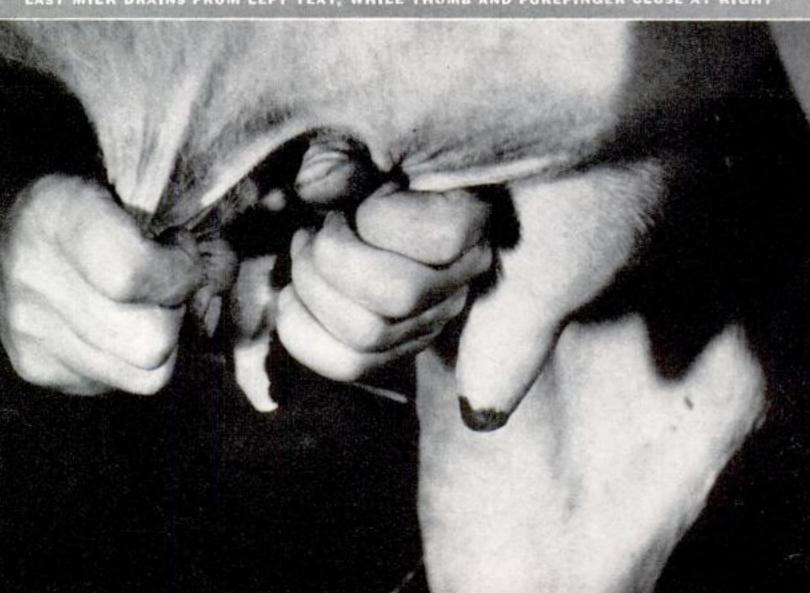


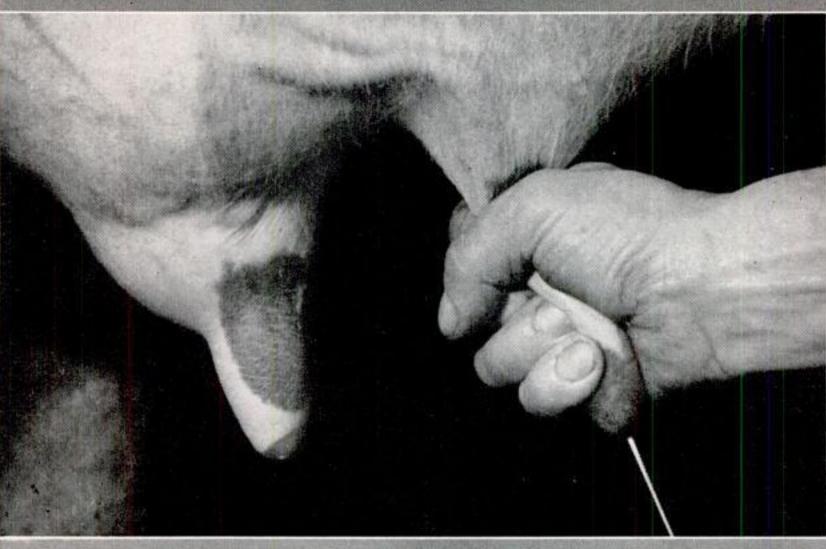
Music to all milkers is the high-pitched thrum of firm, steady milking against sides of milk pail. Third milker has begun with two teats diagonally opposite, will shift to the other two when he is finished

HERE HANDS OF MILKER SYNCHRONIZE NEATLY. HAND AT LEFT SQUEEZES, RIGHT MOVES UPWARD

LAST MILK DRAINS FROM LEFT TEAT, WHILE THUMB AND FOREFINGER CLOSE AT RIGHT









THIRD FINGER CLOSES, HAND IS ALSO PULLED DOWN TO HELP PRESSURE OF FINGERS

ENTIRE HAND CLOSES, SQUEEZING LAST MILK OUT OF THE TEAT. CYCLE IS NOW REPEATED

HOW TO MILK A COW

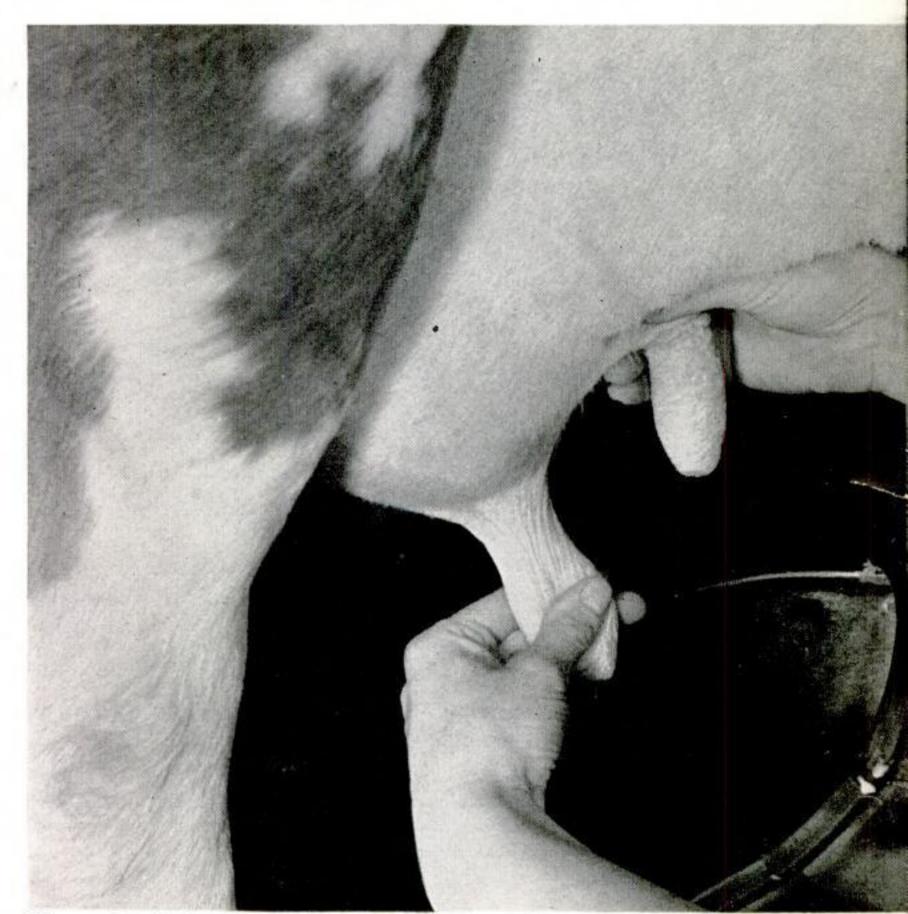
IT REQUIRES DIPLOMACY AND COORDINATION

Most city people regard milking a cow as one of the profound mysteries of farming. The few of them who understand it covet the knowledge as a special part of their culture. To the farmer milking is drudgery, but there is no agricultural skill in which he takes greater pride.

The basic mechanism of hand milking (shown in the strip of pictures above) is to trap the milk by gripping each teat near the top in the crotch of the thumb and forefinger, while squeezing it downward with a rolling motion of the other fingers. The teat is then released and the cycle repeated. Actually the motion is much subtler than this description, but it must be performed perfectly to get results. Hand milking is one of the few primitive domestic skills which is still used even after the invention of a machine to supplant it. Machine milking is a labor saver but is inferior to the best hand milking.

The dairy cow is a lady and does her best when treated with deference and care. She dislikes strange milkers and irregular hours. Accepted practice on farms during good grazing weather is to bring the cow into the barn and fasten her neck in a stanchion at about the same time each day. Before milking, conscientious farmers carefully wash the cow's udder with warm water. This softens the cow's udder as well as cleans it. The milker always sits at her right, may request her to move her near leg backward by tapping it gently, squirts a preliminary stream on the floor and begins milking.

Dairymen differ on which two teats should be milked first. Most say the milker should begin with the two back teats, others prefer different patterns. It is principally important to begin in the manner to which the individual cow is accustomed, and to make certain that the first teats are milked completely dry before starting on the others. After milking is completed each teat is stripped, the remaining milk drained by running the thumb and forefinger down its length a few times (right).



When cow is milked dry, teats are stripped between fingers and thumb. Milk from stripping is exceptionally rich. Heifers, whose teats are usually too small for ordinary milking, are milked by stripping.

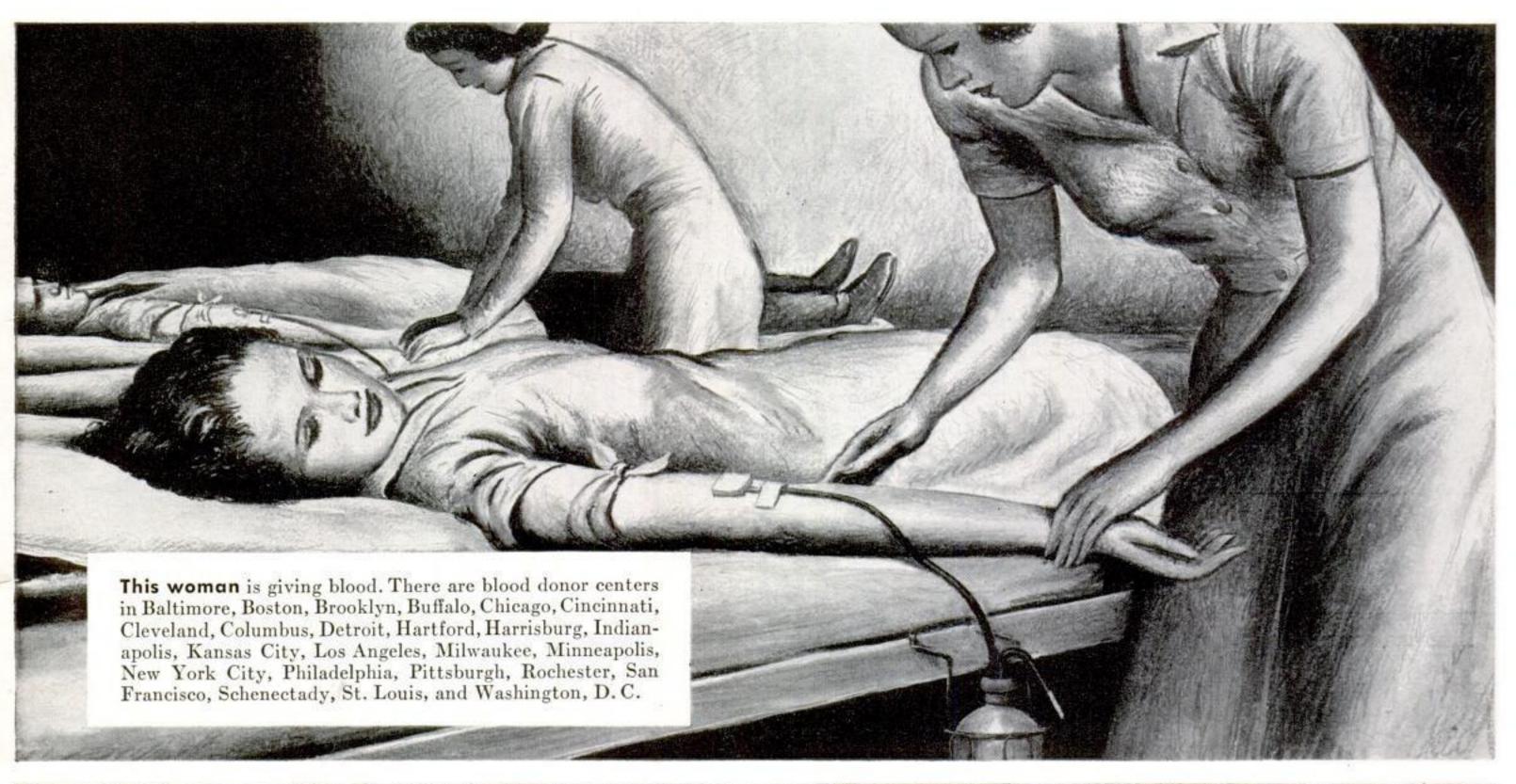
AS DRY LEFT TEAT FILLS, HEAVY STREAM IS FORCED FROM RIGHT BY LOWER FINGERS LAST FINGER SQUEEZES MILK FROM LEFT TEAT. HAND AT RIGHT MOVES UP AS TEAT FILLS

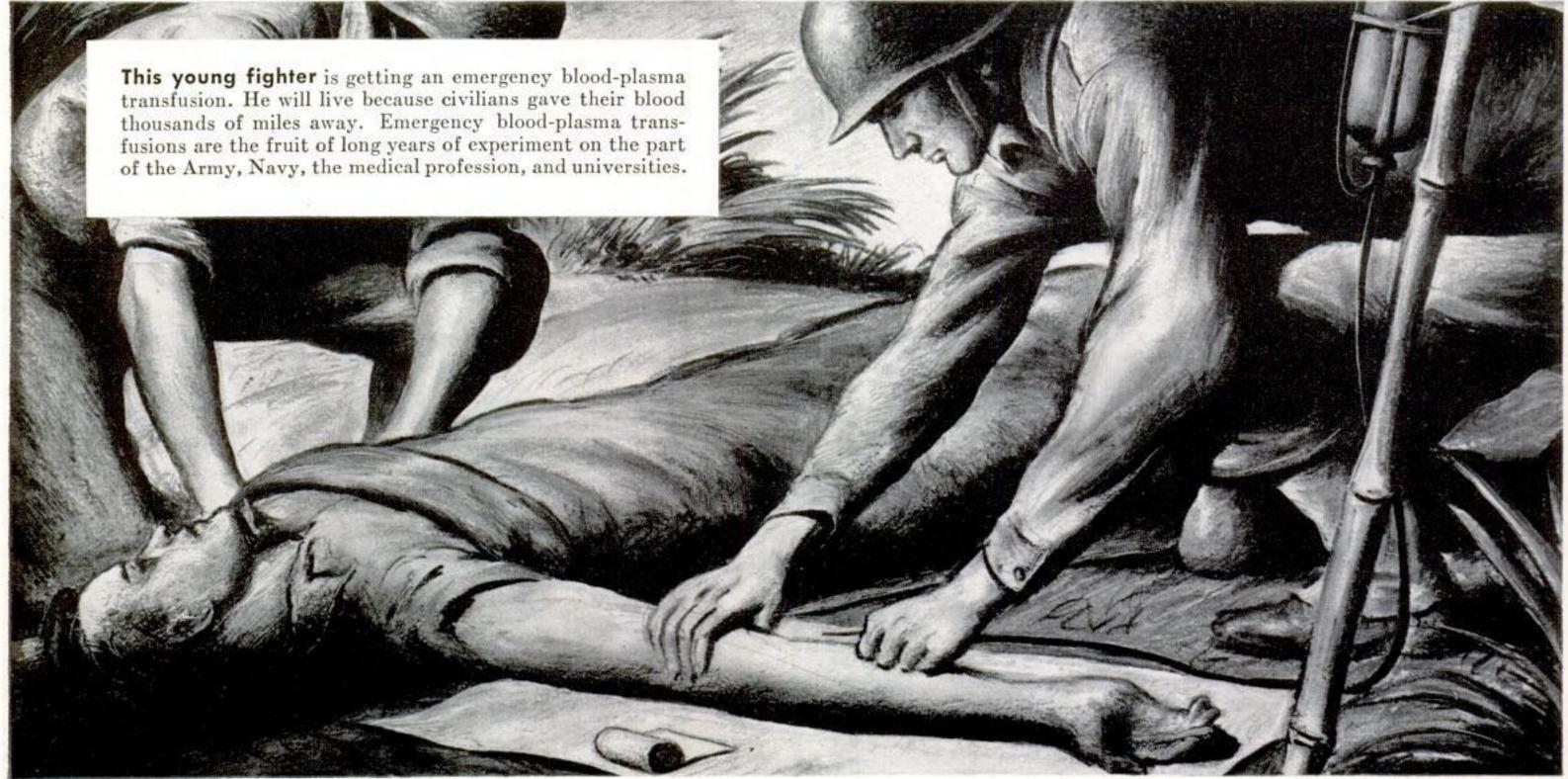






The stay-at-homes who





save lives in the South Pacific

In the FILES of the American Red Cross there is a list of more than a million names which is a roll of honor.

On this list are the names of those civilians who have given blood to our fighters.

These men and women received no money for the blood they gave. Their action sprang from the simple, heart-felt desire to help their country. And their blood is helping to save the lives of our boys in distant lands.

Perhaps in some sweaty jungle in the South Pacific, or in Iceland or Africa, one of our fighters is brought into a first-aid battle station . . . badly wounded.

The man's face is gray with a pallor which in other wars meant impending death. To the doctors in this war, however, this pallor is the signal for an emergency blood-plasma transfusion. Soon after the transfusion, the man's face regains color. His pulse slows down; he looks better. The doctors watch him for a few minutes before moving on. Their verdict is ... he will live.

Medical men against Death

This new type of transfusion is one of medicine's most spectacular triumphs in mankind's war against death. It has striking advantages over the older type of transfusion.

Previously, in transfusions where whole blood was used, the blood had to be of a certain type. This meant a bulky "blood bank" too cumbersome to take into the field. Whole blood also had to be kept at a low temperature. This required refrigerating apparatus.

For these reasons, whole-blood transfusions can be given only where laboratory facilities are available, usually at base hospitals. And often severely injured men can't wait to be taken this far behind the lines. But in the new-type transfusion these obstacles have been overcome.

Blood given through the Red Cross is shipped to the laboratories of pharmaceutical manufacturers designated by the Army and Navy. There it is converted into dried blood plasma.

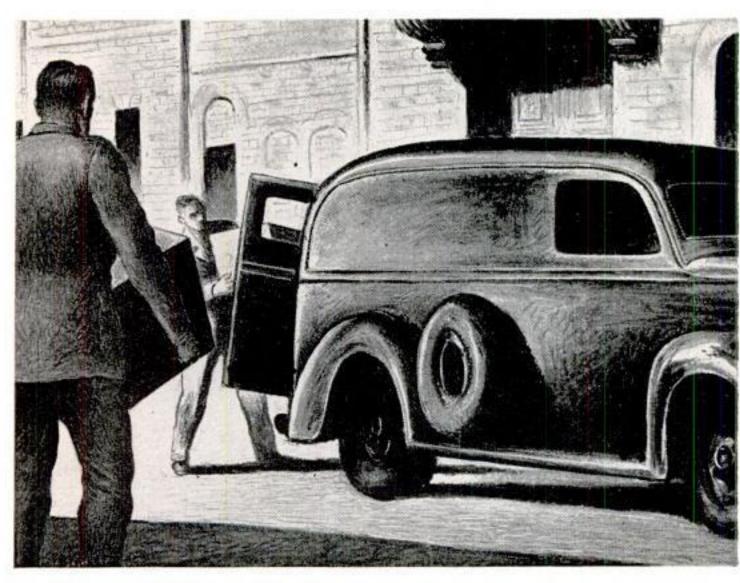
How plasma works

This dried plasma can be "reconstructed" into wet plasma suitable for injection almost immediately. It needs no typing. It needs no refrigerating. And it can be administered anywhere . . . even directly behind battle lines.

Dried plasma has already saved thousands of lives in this war. And it will save thousands more—lives which under similar conditions in other wars would have been lost.

Call the nearest Red Cross blood donor center today for an appointment. Blood is needed. The procedure is very simple and takes only about forty-five minutes including time for rest and refreshments.

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Civilians in communities within a 50-mile radius of the 24 cities listed on the opposite page who wish to give blood, are conveniently served by Red Cross mobile units.

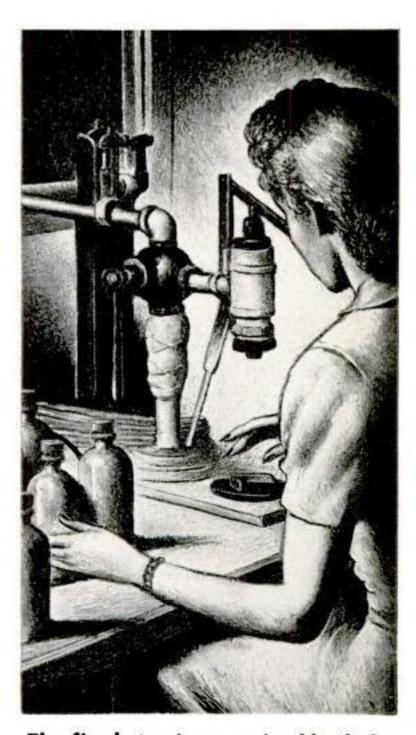
PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

MAKERS OF
PHARMACEUTICAL AND BIOLOGICAL PRODUCTS



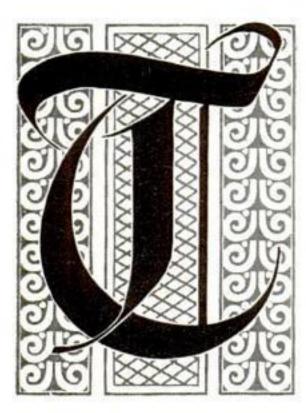
The blood you give, collected in a bottle and placed in a refrigerated container, is sent by the Red Cross to a pharmaceutical laboratory. There the plasma is separated from the blood cells, frozen, and then dried.



The final step in preparing blood-plasma for emergency transfusions is shown above. The dried plasma is sealed under vacuum and packed into kits. The complete kit is then ready to be shipped to the front.

The Nativity

The World's greatest Story has Inspired the World's greatest Art



he story of the birth of Jesus is the greatest story ever told. And she (Mary) brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. (Luke 2:7). That is the simple, poignant beginning, adorned with Magi and gifts and the bright eastern star,

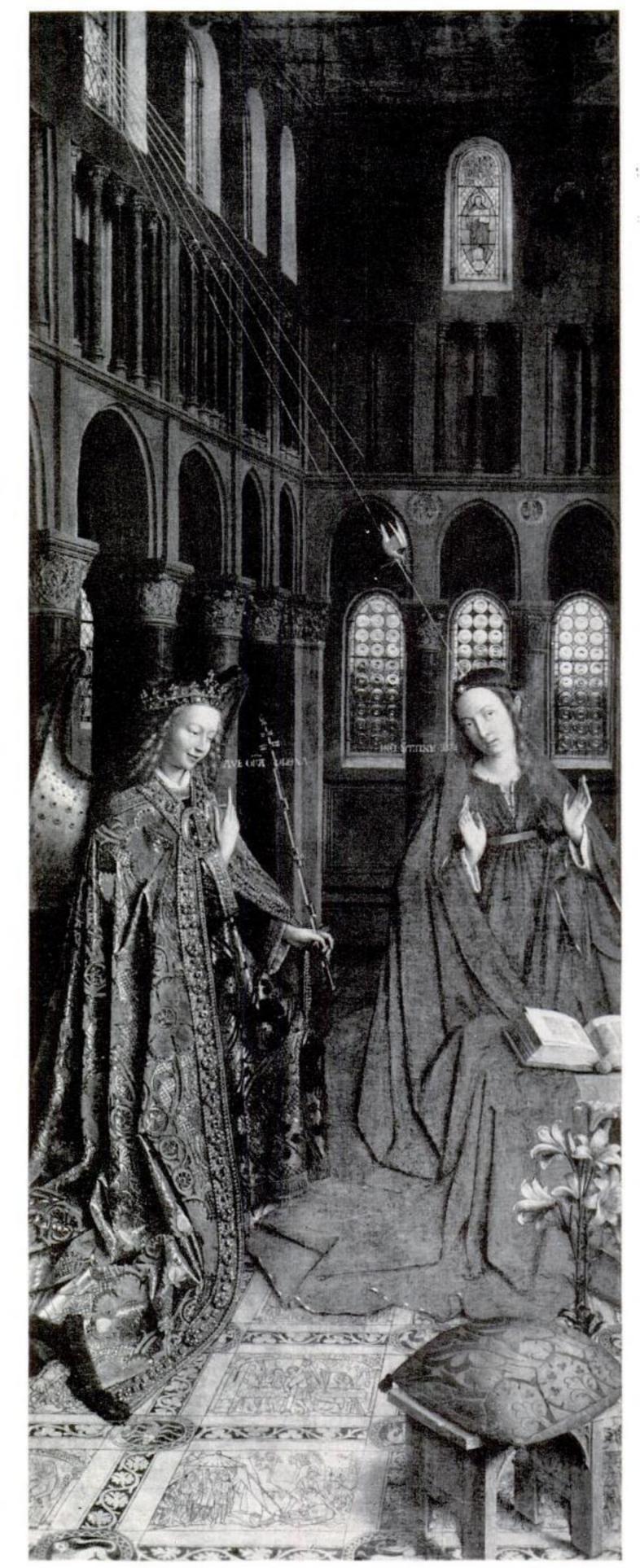
and culminating at last in the tremendous drama of the Crucifixion. In this story humanity lives.

For the great artists of the Western World the Nativity has been irresistible. The history of the West can be written in terms of how men have sought to depict Mary and her Son.

During what we call the Dark Ages people were preoccupied with the tragic aspects of the life of Jesus—
gloomy compositions of the Doom and stark visions
of the Crucifixion were always visible above the arches
of medieval churches. But in the 15th Century the
world began to awake as from a dream. There developed that wonderful period we now call the Renaissance (which means rebirth) in which, for some
reason, people opened their eyes to the beauty of the
earth, and of men and women. In this awakening the
artists rediscovered the story of the Nativity. They
found that it was not only great, but beautiful. They
found in it the tenderest things of life—the lovely
virgin, the mother, the baby. They found not only
their souls' desire. They found their hearts' desire also.

And so, starting a little stiffly, with masterpieces like Giotto's *Madonna and Child* (p. 47), they strove to tell the birth story in the new tempos and tones that animated their time. They poured out upon it all their skill, each learning from the last, each making some new contribution in technique, in composition or thought or passion, each depicting what he loved most in nature or human nature—until at last there burst forth achievements in color and line that the world will never surpass. Such a one is Raphael's *Madonna and Child*, reproduced on the cover of this issue.

Of course most of the great paintings of the Nativity are in Europe, where they were created. Nevertheless, many are now in American museums. Among the best U. S. collections is that of the National Gallery of Art, founded by Andrew W. Mellon, in Washington, D. C. The six great paintings shown here are all from the National Gallery, and three of them were in Mr. Mellon's collection. The other three are from Samuel Kress who gave the National Gallery his collection of 375 Italian masterpieces in 1939.



"The Annunciation"

Van Epck

Painted about 1434 for Duke of Burgundy, Mellon got this altarpiece from Russia for \$503,000. It was once owned by Netherlands' William II, Czar Nicholas I.



"The Nativity"

Luini

In the early 1500's the wealthy Italian Maestri family of Milan built a private-chapel for which they wanted a special altarpiece. They finally gave the

commission to their local artist, Bernardino Luini, who painted them this picture. Four centuries later Samuel Kress purchased it from Lord Duveen



"Adoration of the Magi"
Botticelli

Of the 23 Botticelli paintings in this country, this is the greatest. Done about 1481, it is the last and ranks with the best of a series of five Adorations by the same ar-

tist. This one was turned out in his spare time in Rome at the Vatican where he was working on a commission from the Pope to decorate the Sistine Chapel. Originally

A RIGHTEOUS FAITH

by JOHN FOSTER DULLES

Last year the Federal Council of Churches, representing most of the Protestant churches in the U. S., set up a special "Commission to Study the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace." It consists of about a hundred ministers, theologians and laymen, with John Foster Dulles, an eminent New York lawyer, as chairman. The Commission recently formulated a set of basic moral principles with special relevance to problems of the peace.

All great wars bring with them some sort of spiritual revival. For when we are at war material things must be sacrificed. Money, goods, life itself, are poured into the fiery furnace. Men then grope for spiritual things as the only available alternative.

Too often, however, the spiritual revival of war is but shallow emotionalism. Men fill their souls with hatred and vengefulness and they deify their nation. When the war is over these passions quickly subside and materialism again becomes rampant.

If this occurs in the United States it will be a serious matter, for already before this war our great weakness was lack of that faith that makes men strong. If we now merely win military victory, that will not make us safe unless we also win back faith such as sustained us when we were yet small and materially weak.

If we look back over the last two hundred years, that will make plain what I mean. Until the time of the first World War three peoples held undisputed leadership in the world. These three were the British, the French and ourselves. We three were not great because of our numbers, for no one of us constituted 10% of the world's population. We were not great because of our natural wealth, for Great Britain and France are poor countries and, during most of this period, the resources of the United States were undeveloped. We were great because our three peoples were imbued with and radiated great faiths. These were not perfect faiths but they incorporated the Christian idea that man owes a duty to fellowman. We sought our own advantage, but we sought it in ways that would also advantage others. Our spirit was one of mission in the world. Often we were hypocrites, but even that showed that we felt under a moral compulsion to justify what we did as being for the welfare of others.

The French toward the end of the 18th Century had exploded upon a world of despotism the revolutionary slogan of human "liberty, equality and fraternity." Their belief in the rights of the individual partook of a religious fervor, and so contagious was their faith that it changed the face of the Western World and broke the political chains that were fastened upon the people.

In England, inventive genius showed how man's labor could be made infinitely more productive by using mechanical power and machinery. Thereby raw materials could quickly and cheaply be turned into finished goods and standards of living greatly raised. The possibilities thus opened up were carried by England into the uttermost parts of the earth and were given moral sanction as a carrying of the "white man's burden." Today we laugh at that phrase, but under its influence hundreds of thousands of Britain's best youth went forth to do what they believed to be in the general welfare. Britain gained, but in the process more was done to improve the general lot of mankind than ever before in any comparable period of time.

The vision of America

We in the United States became conscious of a "manifest destiny" and "American dream." We visioned here a vast continent to be opened up to the repressed and oppressed of other lands. We saw that we might fashion here a state of ordered freedom that would be a beacon in the world. We went far toward making that dream come true. Millions came to us from other lands and found here the material opportunities and the spiritual freedoms which they had vainly sought for themselves and their children.

All that we did, at home or abroad, was profoundly influenced by our Christian faith. As Dean Weigle shows us, our domestic political evolution was determined by men's conception of their duty as sons of God. And abroad, wherever trading posts sprang up, there, too, a mission post was planted.

Thus each of our three peoples had hold of something bigger than our-

Later they published a booklet entitled A Righteous Faith for a Just and Durable Peace, containing the statement of principles and articles by members of the commission, which may be obtained at 25¢ a copy from the Federal Council of Churches, New York City.

In the following article which was written especially for LIFE, Chairman Dulles examines the moral crisis of our time and points the way to a Christian solution.

selves, something that forced us into a kind of partnership sharing with the rest of the world. It was that that made us great and strong. It was that that made us safe and free.

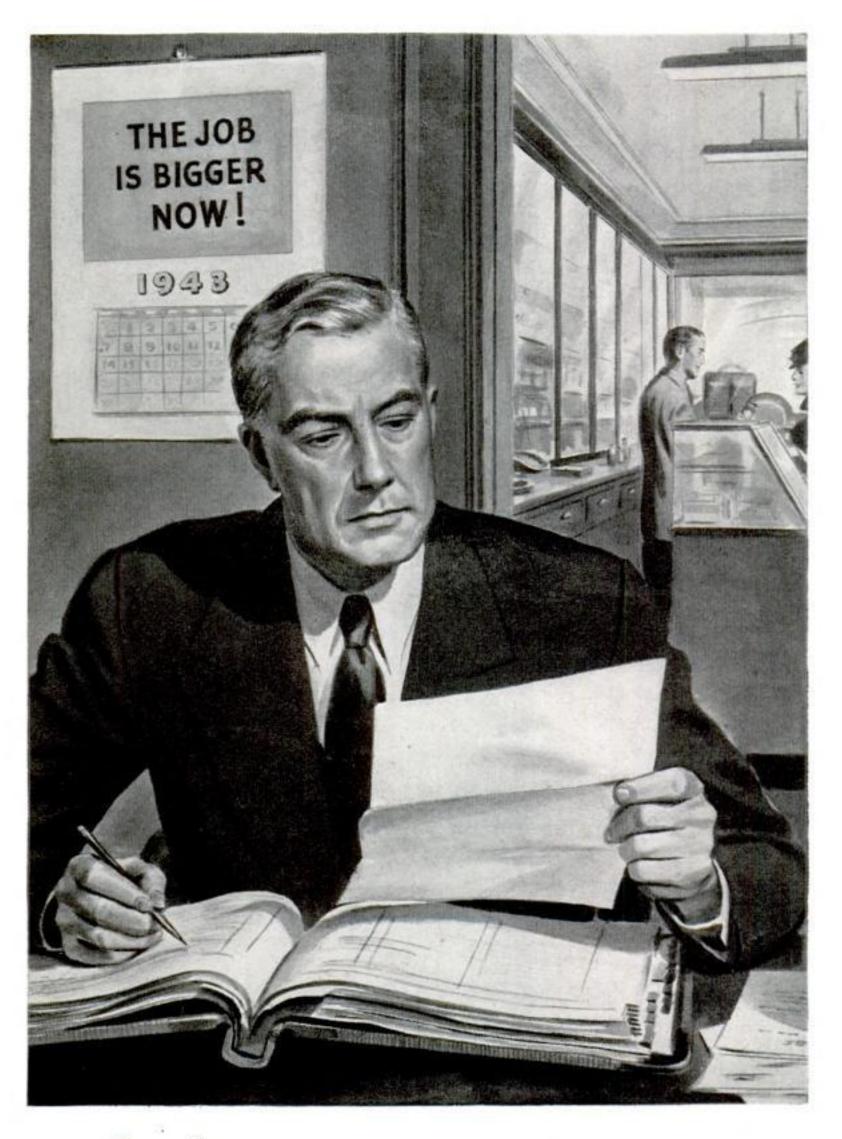
The beginning of this century showed a steady exhaustion of our spiritual springs. Woodrow Wilson, it is true, inspired a wartime idealism that did much to bring us victory. But that was a flare-up that quickly subsided. We emerged from that war—the French, the British and ourselves—as burnt-out peoples. We no longer felt a sense of mission in the world. We had nothing so big that it had to be shared. Indeed, we had so lost faith in our own institutions that we felt it necessary to shelter them from contact with the outer world. We sought only to be left alone and in our isolated and, as we thought, "matured" economies we found little to do except to squabble over the partition of the material wealth we had theretofore created. Upon the world there descended a spirit of disillusionment and discouragement. The youth were without opportunity or hope, the workers were without employment and the aged were without security. All were without faith. Even in church circles where the word "faith" was still used, it had lost any real significance.

It is impossible to perpetuate a spiritual vacuum. So, inevitably, it came about that here and there, throughout the world, new faiths were born. In Russia, out of the collapse of 1917, there had arisen a militant faith in Marxian communism. Like all great faiths it could not be confined. It sought worldwide realization through world revolution. Next Italy seemed, momentarily, to recapture the tradition that was Rome's, and, under that pagan impulse, sought glory in Africa. In Germany, arose a militant faith in a "New Order" under which the national barriers of Europe would be torn down and each non-German given an allotted task to be performed under the dominance of a German Herrenvolk. Japan had meanwhile come under the control of a military clique who fanatically sought a "co-prosperity sphere," which would give Japan in the Orient that which Germany sought in the Western World.

These faiths were largely repugnant to us. In the case of Germany, Italy and Japan they were evil faiths that led to war—and will lead to frustration—because they asserted racial supremacy and exalted force and violence as the means of achieving it. But, good or bad, they were faiths that, while they lasted, made men strong. We have been startled by what those nations have performed. We were stupefied when Germany, enfeebled, disarmed and dismembered by the Treaty of Versailles, grew into a blazing volcano that erupted over all Europe. We were aghast when Japan in a few months took under her military sway the vast areas of the Indies, Malaya and Burma. We were wholly taken by surprise by the valor and tenacity of Russia's resistance and forced to a total revaluation of things Russian.

If history teaches anything, it is that no nation is great and no nation is strong unless its people are imbued with a faith. It also shows that no nation can be permanently great or permanently strong unless that faith be a righteous faith that is compatible with the welfare and the dignity of others. Unless during this war we regain that kind of faith, then military victory will serve no permanent good. For again new faiths will arise to attack us and in the long run we will succumb. The impact of the dynamic upon the static—while it may be resisted in detail—will ultimately destroy that which it attacks. The first World War, this World War and the next World War may go down in history as a series of rear-guard actions by disillusioned peoples who, equipped only with the material products of past greatness, sought valiantly but vainly to resist the penetration of alien faiths.

The Protestant Churches of America are awake to the spiritual need that faces our nation. They are determined to do all that lies in their power to assure that out of this war will be born, not just ephemeral passions, but a faith that will endure and that will project us into the world as a great force for righteousness. As Professor Hocking puts it,



In the THICK OF THE FIGHT — your local merchant!

Plagued by shortages and ceilings, by rationing and delivery problems, your local merchant finds himself "the man in the middle." Give him your cooperation by shopping in the early days of the week . . . making one trip do the work of several . . . and by keeping your good humor despite wartime inconveniences.

"The merchant of security"—the man who represents Mutual Life in your community—is also earnestly continuing his efforts to serve you in the face of rubber and gas handicaps. By special training and experience he has qualified himself to bring you the comfort of family protection through a sound life insurance plan.

So when next he phones or calls for an appointment, give him a hearing, because he cannot make extra calls now. He brings timely news of Mutual Life's 4 new, "premium-saver" policies for husbands and fathers—like you—who want insurance safety at a cost that leaves cash for War Bond purchases.

Write today for to	his free Booklet	It explains how life insurance can give your children a fair start, free
TO A MONTH	your widow from the b vital needs. Ask for Be	urden of a mortgage—meet many other
WHAT STO CAN DOY	NAME	
14.	ADDRESS	

THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

"First in America"

Lewis W. Douglas, President



34 NASSAU STREET . NEW YORK CITY

A RIGHTEOUS FAITH (continued)

the Church must seek "to discern 'the mind of Christ' and to announce concretely the divine attitude which man in wartime may strive toward." As a means to that end, the Protestant Churches have joined, through the Federal Council of Churches, to set up a Commission to Study the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace.

We know that if the principles we have proclaimed become mandatory in the consciousness of American people, they will know in what direction to move and they will move in that direction and they will thereby assure that our nation will again become a dynamic moral force in the world.

What is the great obstacle we encounter? It is not opposition to our ends. Almost everybody would agree that it would be a nice thing if the American people were again united and enthused by a great dynamic faith. The difficulty we encounter is that men are skeptical of the way we propose to get that faith. Christ said, "I am the way." But most people have ceased to believe it. They have come to look upon Jesus as an impractical idealist and they consider that those of us who urge men to follow His way are uttering a counsel of perfection that is unrelated to the practical needs of the times. For that attitude the Church leaders of the past have a heavy responsibility. They have often made Christ seem to be wholly different from what He really was. Some have made it appear that Christ taught an "idealism" that was wholly unrelated to worldly problems and that served men only when they died. Others, going to the opposite extreme, have sought to put Christ's authority behind specifics that practical men could see were of dubious worth. The truth is that Christ was neither impractical nor was He specific. He told men, not what to do, but how to acquire the qualities of soul and of mind that would enable them to know what to do.

I recall that Christ ministered at a time when international and social problems existed in aggravated form. Much of the world was under the heel of a military dictator and labor was largely slavery. Tiberius had achieved for Rome what Hitler has sought for Germany. Yet Christ advocated no specific revolts and sponsored no specific reforms. This cannot be because He was indifferent to the human misery that surrounded Him. Rather, He sought to do something bigger and more enduring than to cure the particular evils of His day. He sought to show men how, throughout the ages, they might find the way to surmount evil that would constantly be reappearing in ever-changing form. That way, He taught, was for men to act out of visions that would see clear, minds that would think straight and hearts that would comprehend the essential unity and equal worthiness of all human beings. He inveighed against hatred and vengefulness, self-conceit and deification of one's particular nation, race or class. He did so not only because such emotions are repugnant to God's will for man, but also because they always make men incompetent to deal with human problems. They create those blind masses and those blind leaders who, He pointed out, end up together in the pit.

Jesus was, as Dr. Fosdick tells us, "everlastingly right." "He was the 'truth'—the realistic, factual revelation of what life actually means." Until we believe that and act accordingly, we are the ones who are impractical. Surely the catastrophes that inevitably overtake those who operate on anti-Christian principles powerfully argue that it is those principles that are not true.

Man's spiritual hunger

What then shall we do to equip ourselves to deal with the problem of our time? The answer is eternally the same: we must develop those qualities of vision, of soul and of mind that Christ taught and then act under the directive of those qualities. Let us glimpse at what that means.

If we have vision, what is it we shall see? We shall, like Christ, see a multitude who hunger. That multitude is all about us—some near, some afar. They hunger not only for things material but for things spiritual. We would not be seeing truly if we saw only material wants. Such needs exist and they are great. But the greatest need is not for things. Men hunger for sympathy and fellowship that will lift them out of their physical environment. They crave the vibrant thrill that comes from creative effort. They need a religious faith that will carry them through tribulations which no material wealth can prevent.

Christ saw, and if we have vision we too will see, that material things serve chiefly as instruments for bringing into being those nonmaterial values that men need most. When He told the rich young man to give all to the poor, He saw not so much the material advantage for the poor as the value of the spiritual outlook that would prompt such an act. By similar standards He appraised the widow's gift of her mites and Mary's sacrifice of her precious ointment. So it is that as our eyes are opened we will see material needs, but we will see them in subordinate relationship to spiritual needs.

If we have hearts that are comprehending we shall, like Christ, be moved with compassion. We shall hear the cry of the masses that a way be found to save them and their children from the death, the misery, the starvation of body and soul which recurrent war and economic disorder now wreak upon man. We shall be so moved by that cry that we shall resolutely dedicate ourselves to the achievement of a better order. We shall find, in that dedication, something that will make our own lives worth living and our own nation worth preserving.

Christ's principles today

If, in addition to acquiring vision and human understanding, we free our minds from warping emotions-like hate and prejudicethen we can think straight and approach with competence the technical problems of our time. The broad principles that should govern our international conduct are not obscure. Our Commission has stated those that have a clear impact upon the world of today. While no one would feel that our Commission's statement is wholly adequate, nevertheless the overwhelming majority of Christians would surely agree with it. So, too, for that matter, would those of other great faiths. But that is not enough. We need men who, as citizens, will think out the application of those principles to the daily life of our nation. That is something that every one must do for himself. The Church cannot and should not try to do that for him. If the Church follows Christ's example, it will proclaim eternal verities in terms such that their practical significance is made plain, but it will avoid sponsoring specifics that necessarily must be compromises compounded out of worldly knowledge. That is what the citizen must do, and he can do it competently if he equips himself with the qualities of vision, of soul and of mind that Christ taught.

Finally, we must act. Christ did not teach a purely contemplative religion. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works." We must not be paralyzed by fear lest what we do may not be perfect. Neither must we wait until someone develops a spectacular plan for achieving at once all that we desire. Action is a thing that, itself, is good. It is out of action that there is born a sense of creative power and purpose. Every individual, every nation, must make an effort to find opportunities where faith can be converted into action. Those opportunities are always available. It is unimportant if initially our acts, as individuals or as a nation, are unspectacular. For if what we do is prompted by clear vision, human comprehension and clear thinking, we will be surprised at the fruitful consequence of what we do. Inspired and urged on by those consequences, we will steadily move forward, enlarging the practical expression of our faith and developing for it a defined and expanding pattern. As our national faith is made manifest by works, and grows under that stimulus, its influence will be contagious throughout the world. As the evil faiths that combat us collapse, leaving death and ruin as their fruit, the faith that makes us strong will encompass the earth. It will unite men, as never before, in common and constructive purpose.

I am full of hope. On every side there is evidence that a new faith is emerging and that this faith will be born out of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I am told that there is one book that cannot be kept in adequate supply at our Army camps. That book is the New Testament. Throughout the land, church meetings and study groups are seeing, with Christian vision, the opportunities that open before us. I believe that the spiritual rebirth we are witnessing will not be spurious, but that it will give us an abiding faith. That faith, now in its formative stage, we must constantly nurture, and we must constantly test it by the mind of Christ. Above all, we need to have it shared by the many millions who, at this Christmas time, celebrate the birth of our Lord, but who otherwise live their lives without regard for the fact that He is the Way, the Truth and the Life.



THE CHIN THAT WINS NEVER HAS 'S o'clock Shadow'

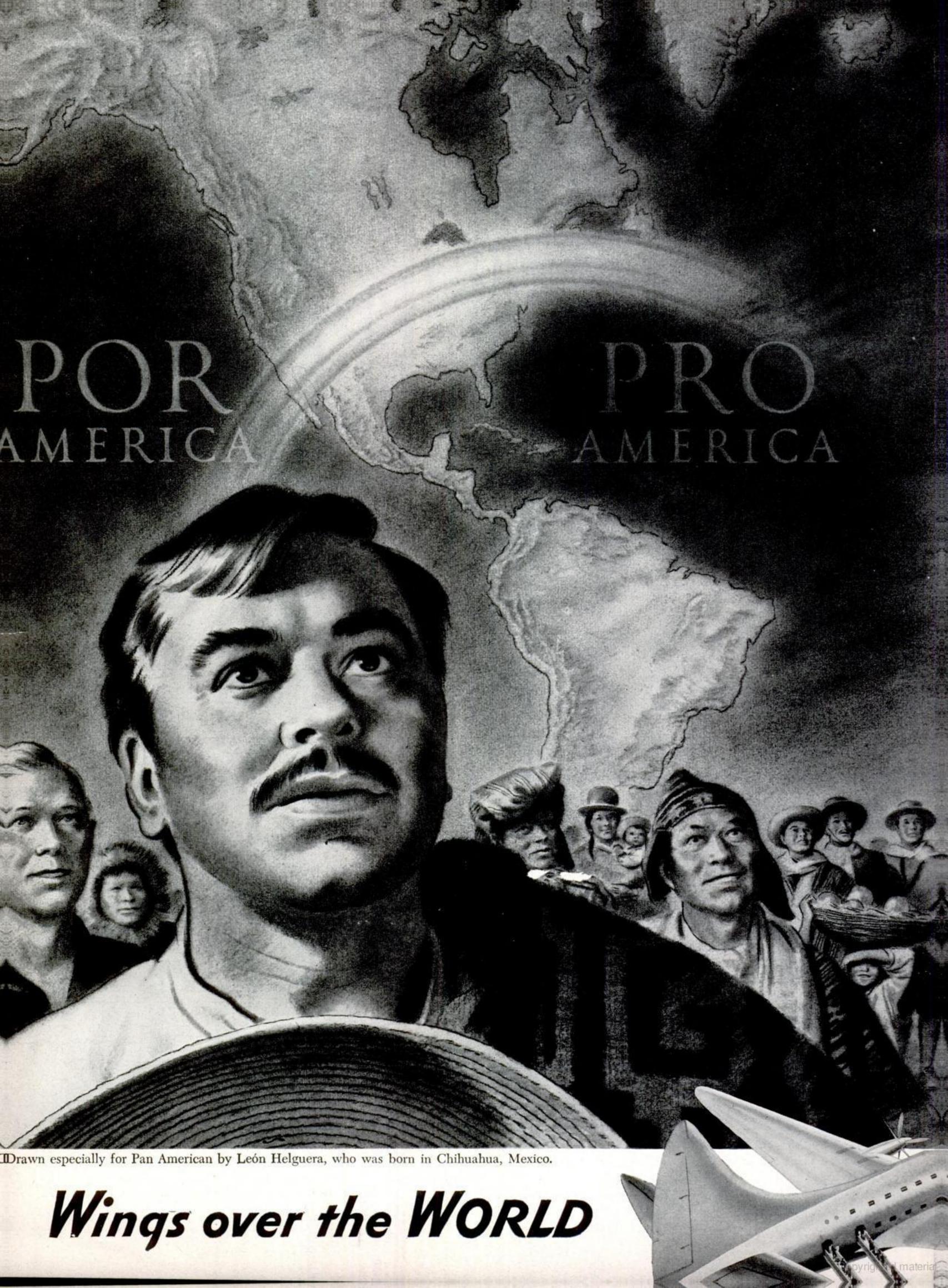
YOU'RE at your best when your face is free from that unsightly beard growth known as "5 o'clock Shadow." For a winning chin try genuine Gems—the blades that give you all-day face neatness. Made by the makers of your Gem Razor, they must fit precisely, perform perfectly.

Gems provide the world's most luxurious shaves—clean, comfortable, refreshing. Yet, in the long run, Gems actually cost less, because there's never a dud blade in a package!

conserve! Take care of your Gem Razor. It is made of critical material. Don't drop it, don't abuse it, dry it carefully after each shave . . . Gem Division,

American Safety Razor Corp.,





Contributors to Pan American's "Forum of the Future" have included such leaders of thought as John Dewey, America's great philosopher, Dr. Hu Shih and William Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury. Here Ezequiel Padilla, whose speeches were the high point of the Conference at Rio de Janeiro in 1942, tells you the kind of world he believes we are fighting to create.

"Humanity's Best Hope... the Union of the Peoples of the Americas"

by Ezequiel Padilla, Secretary of Foreign Affairs of MEXICO

Twenty-five years ago the victory of the Allies led us to believe that peace would last for ages. A single generation, however, has been sufficient to let loose another war, even more cruel and destructive than the first.

What the world failed to achieve in that period between wars, was organized justice

for all peoples....

And that single omission has brought back to raging life all the evils we believed we had forever laid to rest.

This time, when peace comes, what will it bring?

Today, the conquests of modern science and technology are changing our whole lives before our very eyes. Applied science has insured for man mastery over Nature. This war is being fought to determine how that mastery shall be used — whether in the interests of slavery, or in the interests of freedom.

Naturally, in such a struggle

the common man has a tremendous stake.

He now claims a right to share in the benefits of man's conquest of Nature, to which he has contributed, after all, most of the back-breaking toil. So it comes about that a clamor for justice arises, from all over the world. There is, in the mind of the common man, a stubborn determination that *this time* there shall be no peace without justice for him—no prosperity without liberty.

—But it is one thing to talk in broad terms; it is another to translate them into workable human institutions. How are we going to do that?

If war calls for united action, peace calls for it no less. Just as today, for Victory, the twenty-eight United

Nations must count mainly on four great armies—those of the United States, Britain, China and Russia—so also tomorrow the world must look to certain nations for leadership in formulating a workable peace.

Last time a decisive part of this leadership came from Europe—and the peace did not last.

This time humanity must look to the Americas which have already proved, at Rio, that society can be organized between nations on a peaceful, democratic basis.

Among the world's hopes, then, for a lasting peace, the best, the most dependable and the most positive will be the material resources, the planning ability and the social thinking represented by the union of the peoples of the Americas.

15 asive



In the world of the future much of the earth's culture, science and goods will be distributed by global air transports. Air travel costs for passengers will be brought

within the reach of common men everywhere. Pan American hopes to contribute to this better world the facilities, trained personnel and experience built up by over one hundred and sixty-five million miles of overseas flight. Nothing like the fund of scientific fact acquired in this pioneering exists anywhere else in the world today.

Until Victory, of course, everything we have to offer has been placed at the disposal of the government and military services of the United States. On one division alone—the Eastern Division which serves Mexico, the Caribbean and South America — Pan American piled up over six million flight miles in the first nine months of 1942 . . . Wartime cargo shipments for the same period were up one thousand per cent.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS SYSTEM





RAW MATERIALS OF INDUSTRIAL ALCOHOL ARE WHEAT (RIGHT) ABOUT 32%, BARLEY (LEFT) ABOUT 896, CORN (BOTTOM) 60%. ALL MUST BE GROUND AND COOKED INTO MASH

INDUSTRIAL ALCOHOL

War swells production

nto the explosion that delivers a 16-in. shell at its target goes a half-acre's crop of corn. Before it can be used in the compounding of smokeless powder to carry off excess water, the corn must first be converted into industrial alcohol.

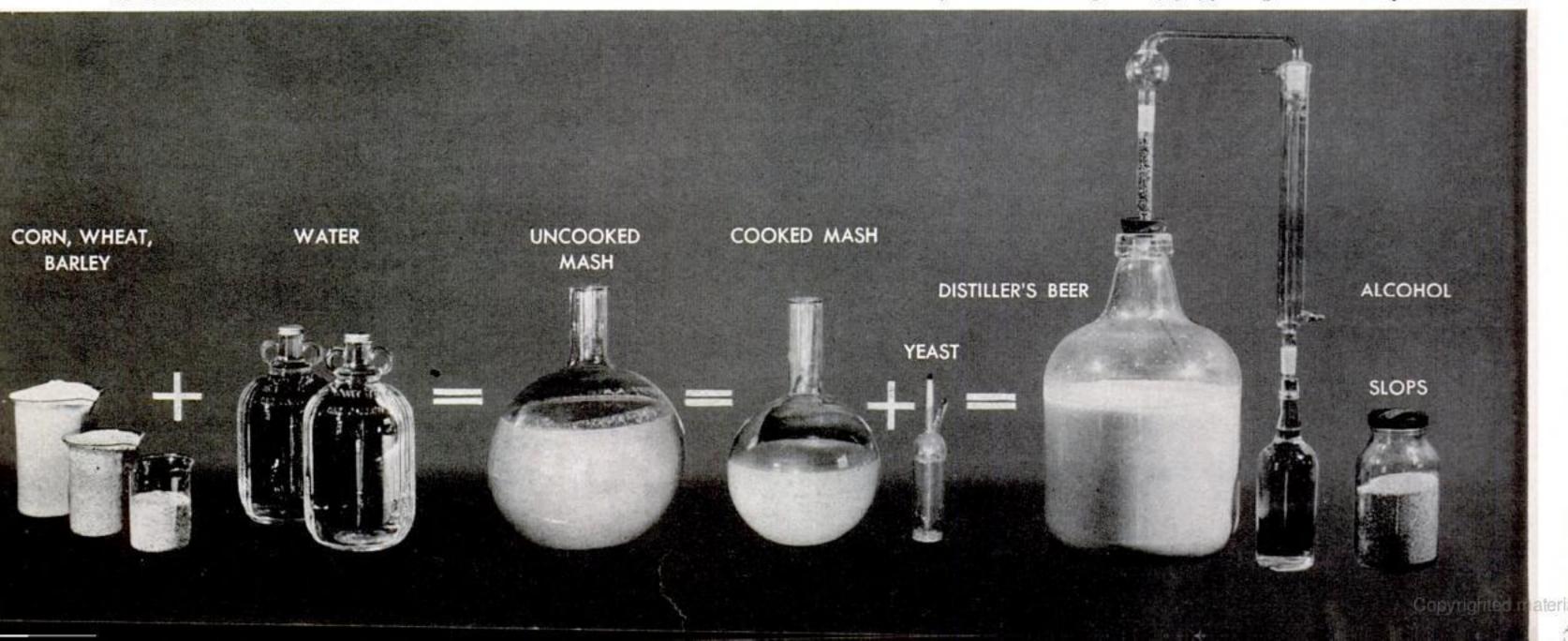
The demands of explosives and synthetic rubber production plus war-expanded needs for alcohol in its accustomed industrial uses will total close to 500,000,000 gallons in 1943, far beyond the peacetime capacity of the industry. To meet this deficit, U. S. whisky producers like Schenley Distillers Corp., whose Frankfort, Ky. plant is shown on the next two

pages, were virtually converted 100% in December from whisky to industrial alcohol production. With this extra capacity, supply for next year will be safely ahead of demand.

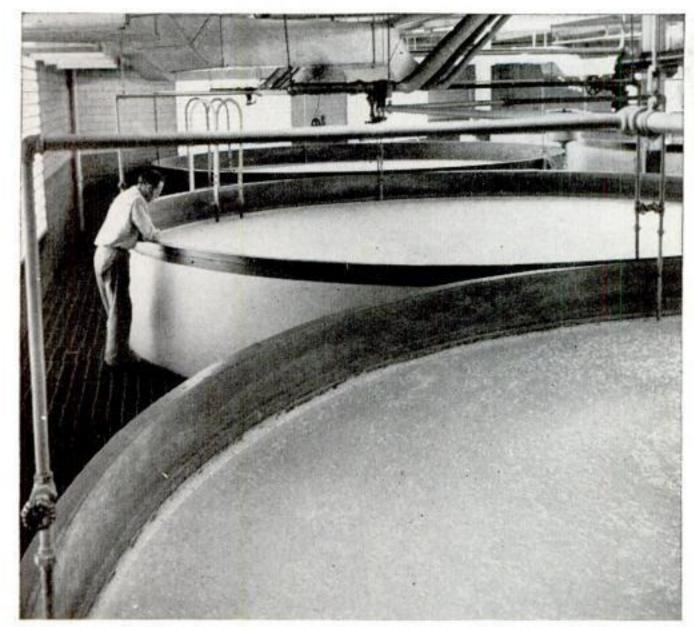
The conversion of corn to alcohol, shown below on a laboratory scale, is a digestive process. The starch of corn and added wheat is first transformed into sugar by diastase, the digestive enzyme contained in barley. The second step is the conversion of the sugar by zymase, the enzyme of yeast. This yields 7% distiller's "beer" which is then distilled to separate the pure, colorless alcohol from the pulpy grain residue.

Alcohol production is here shown on laboratory table. Corn, wheat, barley (far left, below) are combined with water into mash. Mash is cooked down as shown in smaller round flask.

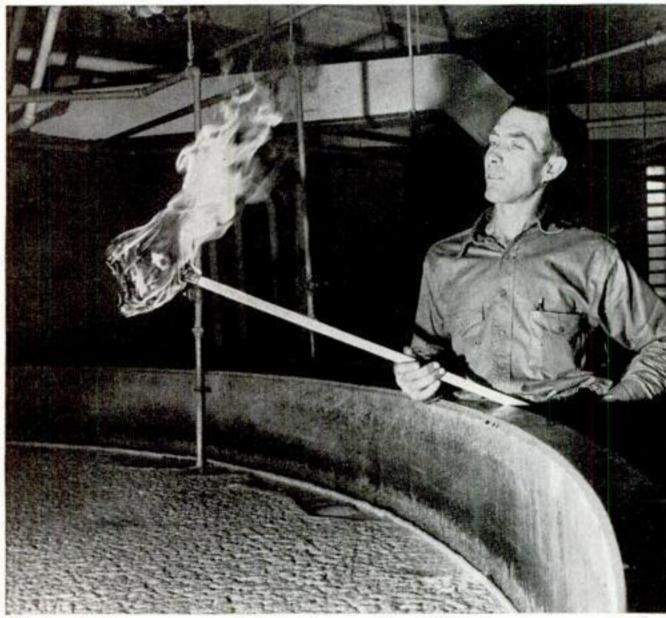
Cooked mash is combined with yeast to produce distiller's "beer." Beer in largest jug below is distilled in glass model distilling tower (right) yielding alcohol and slops for cattle feed.



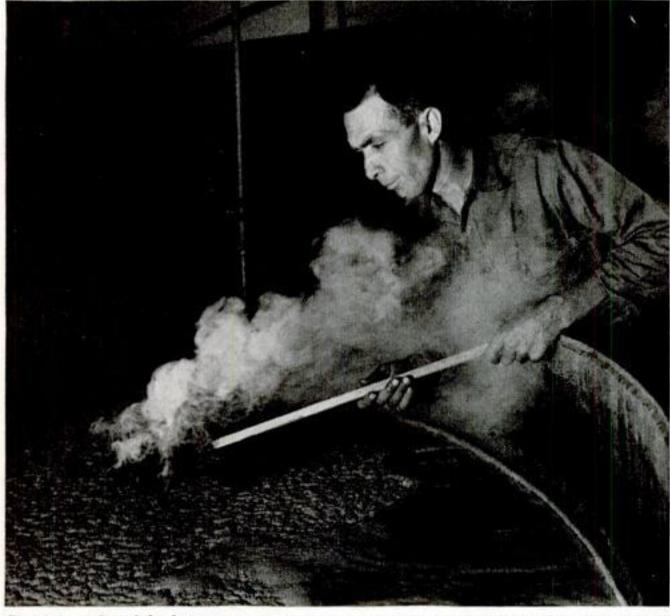
Industrial Alcohol (continued)



Fermenting tanks hold 92,000 gal. of mash. Mash is alive with millions of yeast cells, which are converting grain sugars into alcohol. Fermentation period is three days.



Flaming torch demonstrates vitality of ferment. Carefully bred yeast converts 97% of sugar in mash into alcohol, compared with conversion as low as 2% by wild strains.



Torch is extinguished by carbon dioxide, a by-product of fermentation, which bubbles up through the mash. Carbon dioxide is collected in some plants for making dry ice.



PREM...party-fy it like this in 15 minutes!



LIKE SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM,
PREM IS

Often this Holiday Season you can make fine use of Prem. It's so convenient for

Often this Holiday Season you can make fine use of Prem. It's so convenient for sandwiches, quick lunches . . . and party dishes like the one above. All meat it goes further—so important in these days of "Share the Meat". And bits of it put meat goodness into casserole dishes.

Savory, tender Prem is Swift's Premium quality meat with the exclusive Swift's Premium sugar-cure. No spices, no heavy seasonings mar Prem's flavor. It's a delicious meat, all ready to eat, nutritious* and tasty hot or cold. Ask your dealer for Prem.



 Nutritious, indeed. Prem provides excellent protein, a lot of food energy, and important vitamins of the B complex richly found in pork.

SWIFT & COMPANY: PURVEYORS OF FINE FOODS

Pan-Cake* Make-Up! ORIGINATED BY MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD

new, modern, different! it's today's make-up fashion



"THE PALM BEACH STORY" *PG

* Pan-Cake...Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

A Paramount Picture



★ It creates a lovely, new complexion



★ It helps hide tiny complexion faults



* It stays on for hours without re-powdering

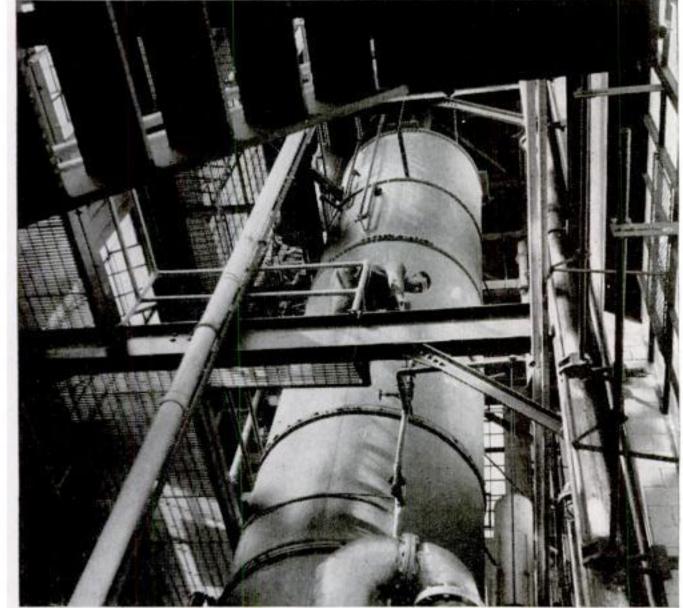
Today...tonight...you can look lovelier, more attractive, more beautiful because Pan-Cake Make-Up adds glamour to your beauty almost instantly. It creates a new complexion... lovely in color, smooth as a pearl and flawless.

Through the day and through the evening your make-up will look fresh and lovely, because Pan-Cake Make-Up stays on for hours without re-powdering.

Originated for Technicolor pictures by Max Factor Hollywood, Pan-Cake Make-Up has become THE popular fashion of the day. Try it once...and like millions of girls and women you'll be devoted to it forever.

Max Factor * Hollywood

Industrial Alcohol (continued)



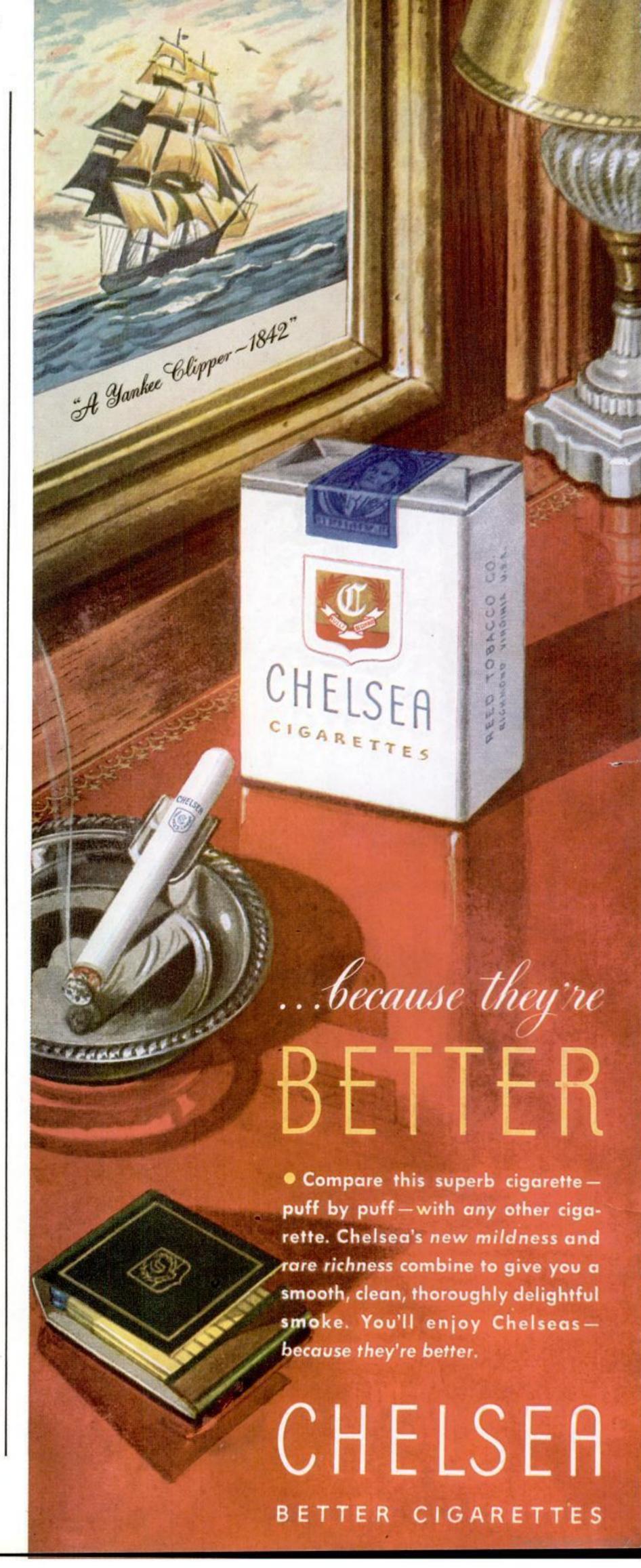
Distilling tower separates low-proof alcohol from the fermented mash, called "beer." Distiller's beer is 7% alcohol. The first distillation yields 105- to 120-proof alcohol.



Ceramic tiles pack the interior of final distillation column. Vapors of low-proof alcohol flow upward around tiles, which trap remaining water and free high-proof alcohol.



Industrial alcohol, a 190-proof or 95 % mixture of alcohol and water, pours from condenser tube into "tailbox" (left). Still operator reads proof from hydrometer in box.



TANKERS THE SUBS CANT SINK

More than 34 million gallons of oil a day are rolling into the East in tank cars.

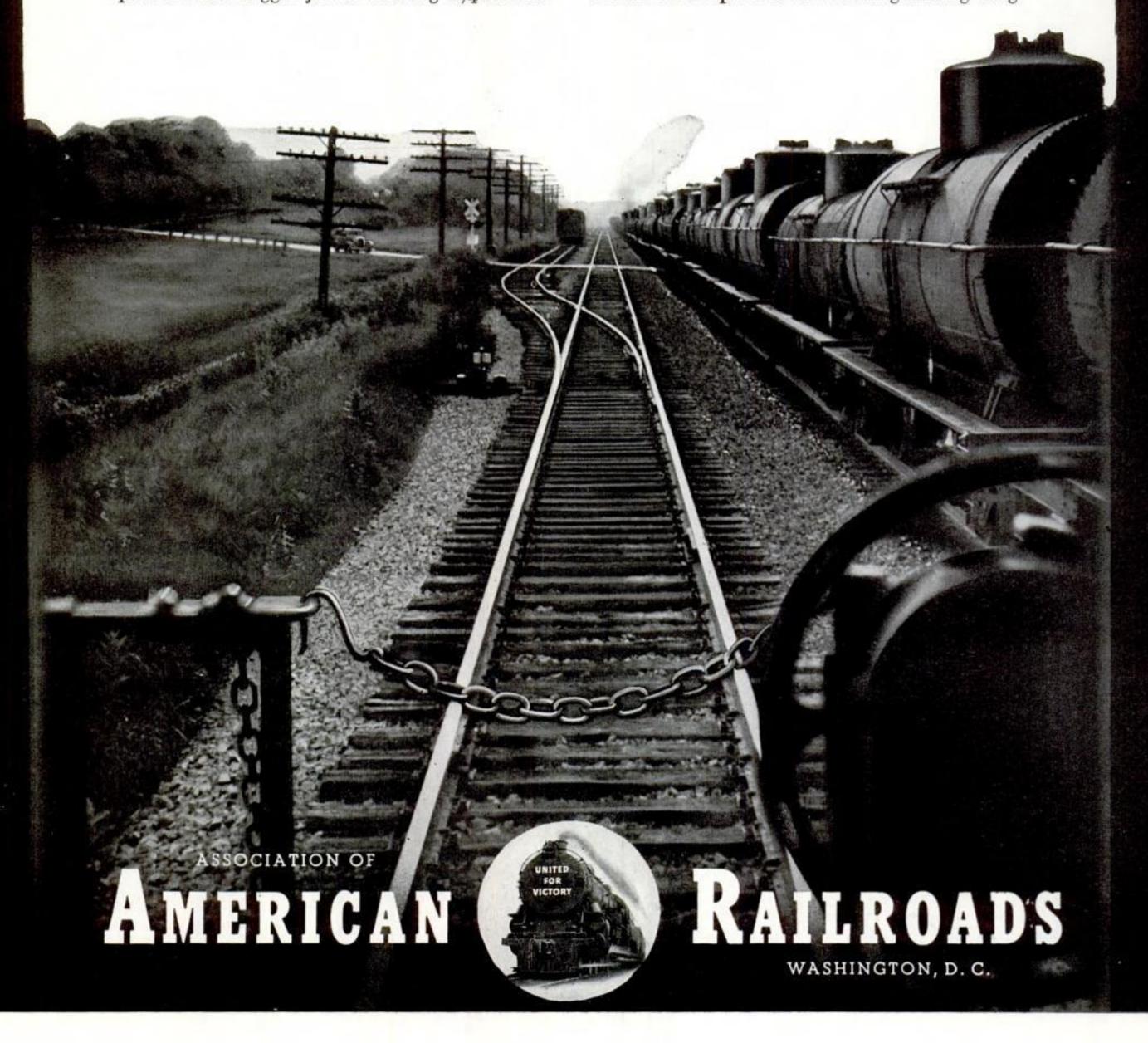
That's 70 times the amount the railroads usually have been called upon to transport – well over half the total needs, hauled in tankers the subs can't sink.

To handle this new assignment takes the full time of 1,400 locomotives, when there are a dozen other uses for every locomotive in the war program as a whole. But it's a job that has to be done, so the railroads are doing it, as a part of their bigger job of hauling $1\frac{1}{4}$ million

tons of freight a mile every minute round the clock.

Behind this record oil movement is a story of the American brand of cooperation: by the companies that ship the oil – by the companies that own the tank cars – by the Federal Petroleum Cooperator – by the Office of Defense Transportation.

That's why this particular story of what the railroads are doing is a good example of what it takes to keep America working and fighting.



MABEL SMITH IS 46 YEARS OLD, GRAY-EYED, WHITE-HAIRED AND PINK-CHEEKED. HARD WORK HAS KEPT HER SLIM

Sergeant Willard and Seaman Howard walk along with proud mother. Womanlike, she is out of step.



Outside Smith house on North State Street, Mrs. Smith shares her boys' letters with another soldier's mother. Two-star service flag hangs in the window.

MOTHER

SHE KEEPS HOME WARM FOR HER SONS WHEN THEY GO OFF TO WAR

Mrs. Willard Carlton Smith of Mishawaka, Ind. is one of some 3,000,000 American women who have, in the last twelve months, seen their sons change from casual boys in mufti to purposeful young men in the Army's tan, the Navy's blue or the Marine Corps' winter green. She is one of many mothers who have rearranged family dinner tables to close a gap or two, who have adjusted their budgets to a few dollars less and their working days to a few hours more.

Like gallant women everywhere, she has never lost the cheerful smile which you see at left. With it she sped her eldest son, 21-year-old Willard Henry, when he enlisted in the Army three weeks after Pearl Harbor. She wore it when she went with her second boy, 18-year-old Howard, to Navy headquarters to sign the parents' release for his enlistment on Nov. 4. It will surely still be there six months from now when her third boy, John, turns 17 and fulfills his ambition to join the Navy too.

Except for her prettiness and premature white hair, there is little to distinguish Mrs. Smith from thousands of other women who have worked hard most of their lives that their children might grow up strong and free. She is neither a perfect housekeeper nor a perfect mother—if indeed such things exist. But to her boys she stands for home, love, faith, all the things they are fighting for. Writing her from his Army post, Willard said recently: "Mother, you have always wanted to be proud of me. . . . I shall make sure that the name of Smith is close to the top on the roll of honor."

Though Mrs. Smith herself will never be on any roll of honor, her job is not the least part of the battle. With two children at home, a husband who works long hours as a mechanic at Studebaker's South Bend plant and a six-room house to run, she has plenty to keep one woman busy. Yet, between cooking, washing, cleaning and mending she finds time to assist at the polls on election days, to do church work and substitute teaching, to be on call as a civilian defense worker, and to write her boys the frequent letters that keep home warm for them while they are gone.



She markets thriftily, wearing old clothes. Boys saved up to buy her new coat for recent birthday.

MOTHER'S HANDS

Darning the socks for four active men, plus sewing on buttons and mending the torn clothes, occupies most of Mrs. Smith's evenings.

Preserving fruit, vegetables, pickles and jams means long hours in kitchen. Mrs. Smith put up 500 quarts last year.

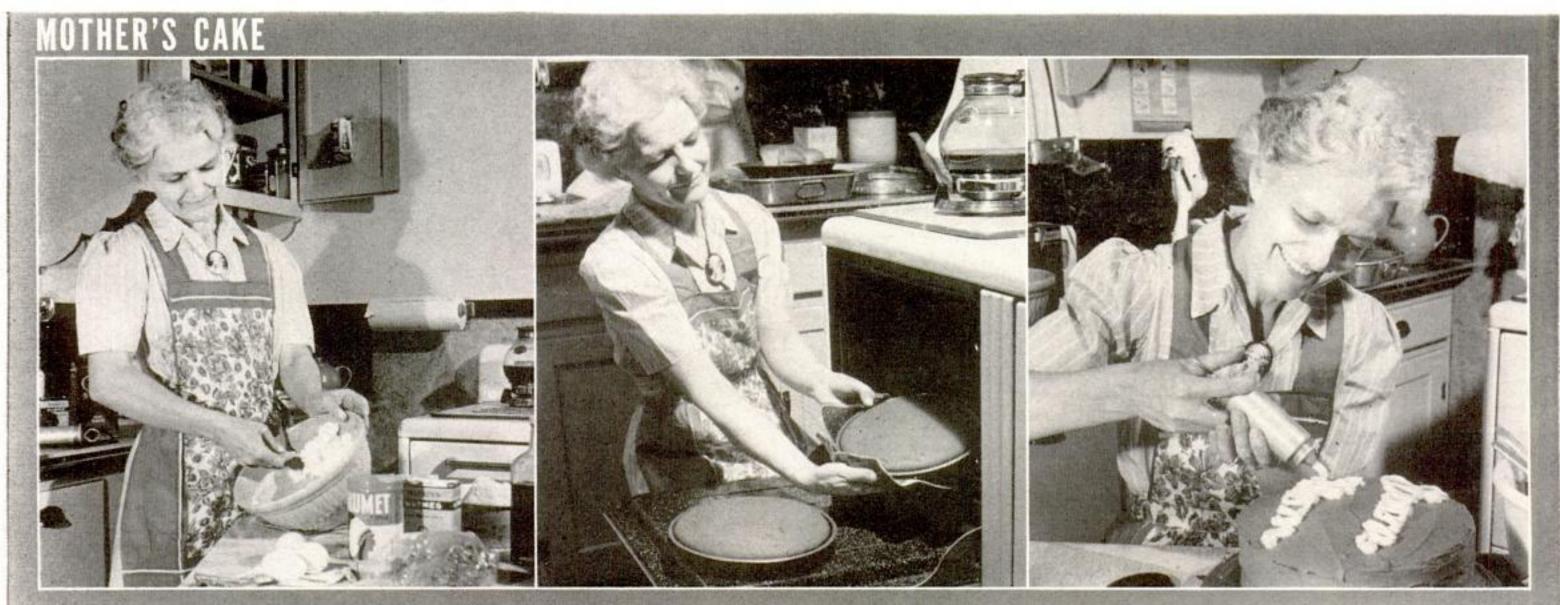
Washing clothes, household linen, husband's greasy overalls is a chore that takes all day Monday. She does her own ironing too.



Father has coffee and doughnuts at 6:40 before going to work in South Bend. Mother, up since 6 a. m., has packed his lunch box.

John gulps milk, grabs apple at 8:10 before rushing to high school. When Howard was home, he ate breakfast at 7:10.

Willard breakfasts at 9 with his little sister when he is home on leave. Mother sits with all of them and eats hers in installments.



Boys' favorite is devil's-food cake with chocolate frosting. Mother never fails to make one for them when they are coming home.

Cake's two layers come out of oven, done to a turn. Mrs. Smith sometimes makes bread too, feeds her family well.

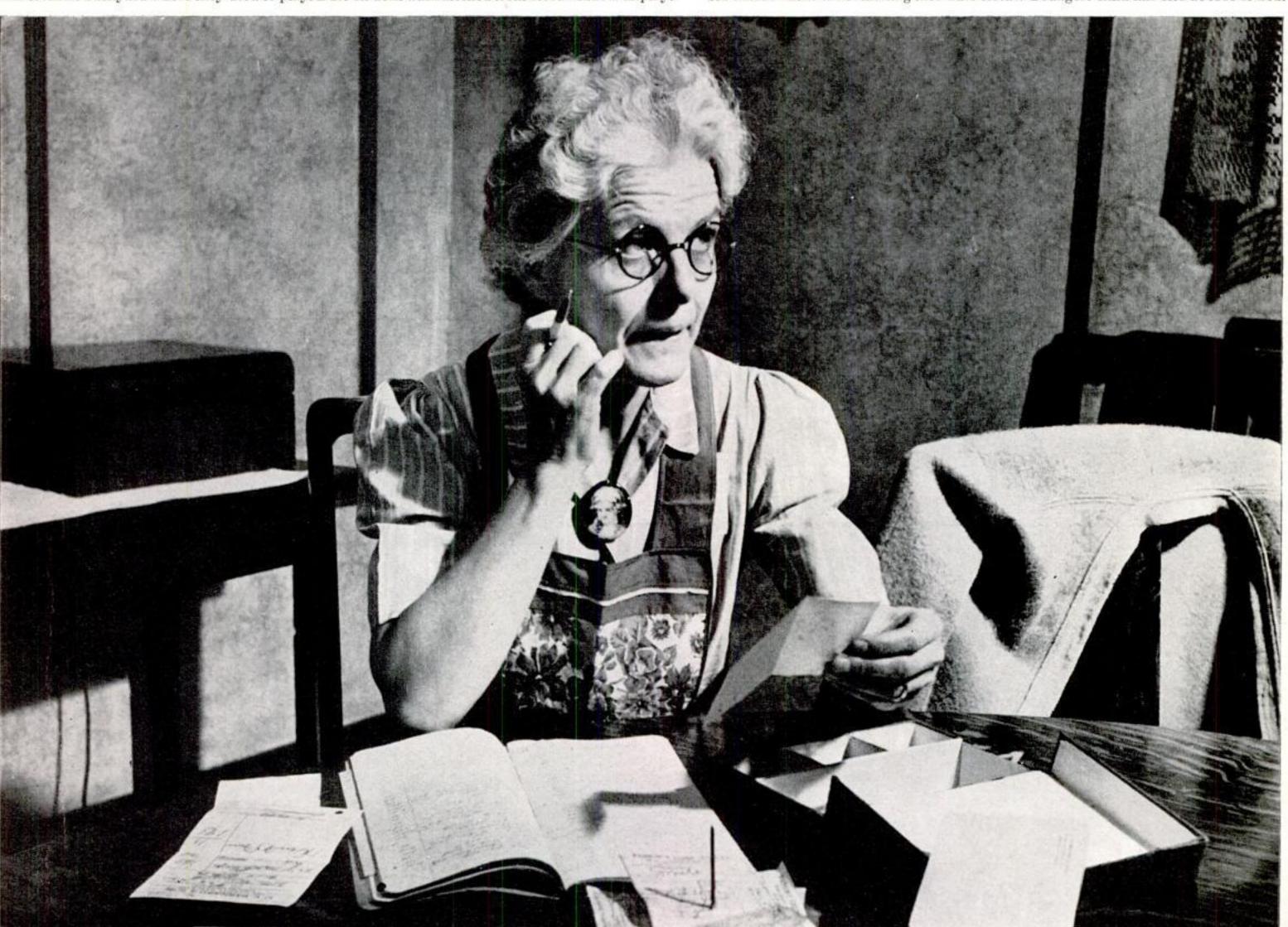
"From Mom" in sugar icing goes on top of the finished cake which boys will soon gobble. "I've made millions of them," says Mother.



In boys' empty room, Mrs. Smith interrupts housecleaning to indulge in rare moment of nostalgia as she looks at backyard where they used to play. Bust on desk was snitched from store window display.



At sewing machine in room she shares with her husband, Mrs. Smith stitches away at old sheets which she is making into dust cloths. Youngest child has crib at foot of bed.



Balancing budget is housewife's task which Mrs. Smith likes least. She has feminine antipathy for figures, needs hours to

unsnarl them. Never large, family income has been reduced by cessation of two older boys' earnings, deduction of 10%

from father's wages for War Bonds. Nonetheless, Smiths last month managed to make the final payment on their house.



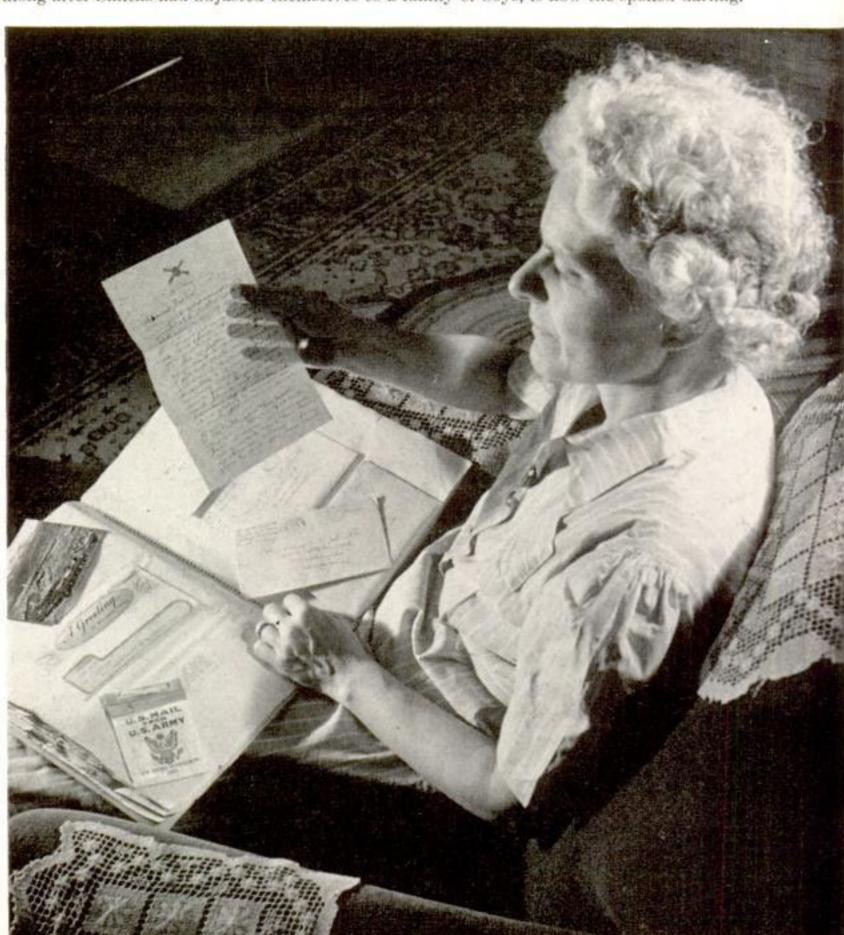
Substitute teaching in Mishawaka's public schools enables Mrs. Smith to earn a little money for "extras." Here she fills in for sixth-grade teacher at LaSalle School. Before she was married, she taught school in Arizona where she met Mr. Smith who was then a railroad worker.



At Navy recruiting station, Mrs. Smith signs parents' release which Howard (right) needed to enlist before new draft law was passed. Says she: "The boys want to get in the fight, that's natural. I want to keep them home, that's natural too. But I won't try to hold them back."



Playing with dolls, Mrs. Smith gets down on the floor to show her 5-year-old daughter, Mary Katherine (left), and playmate how to dress dolls, put them to bed. Mary Katherine came along after Smiths had adjusted themselves to a family of boys, is now the spoiled darling.



Mother reads the boys' letters many times before pasting them in scrapbook where she also keeps their telegrams, postcards, record of their phone calls. Willard, at Fort Sheridan, and Howard, at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, will probably both get home for Christmas.



lega

Aircraft Corporation

Member Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.



"It's nautical," giggled Elsie, "but it's nice!"

*BAH," snorted Elmer, the bull. "We've only been here 5 minutes and already you have a Marine on one arm and a Sailor on the other. If you're so crazy about uniforms, why don't you join the WAVES?"

"I'd love to be a WAVE, but I'm much too busy with other important war work to join them," replied Elsie. "Besides," she added with a snicker, "you've always said I was a little WAACy."

"Puns again," sniffed Elmer. "And may I ask what war work you do that's so all-fired important?"

"Come, Elmer," chided Elsie. "Don't tell me you're forgetting my pure wholesome milk and all the grand



things that are made from it. Why, everybody knows the important place that Uncle Sam gives to milk and milk products in his National Nutrition Program."

"If Uncle Sam thinks so much of milk," sneered Elmer, "why aren't they breaking a bottle of your precious milk to launch this destroyer?"

"Oh, my milk is much too good to waste like that," explained Elsie. "If everyone went around breaking bottles of milk over all our new ships, where would we get the milk and cream to make my luscious, satinsmooth Borden's Ice Cream? Ice Cream, you know is a



valuable food as well as real fun to eat."

"Thunderation, woman," bellowed Elmer. "Must you always talk shop?"

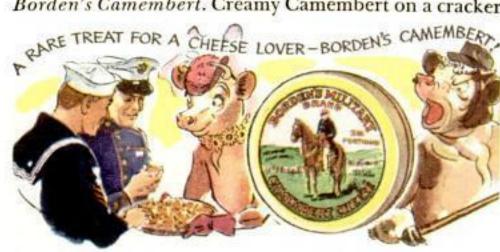
"Naturally," said Elsie. "Otherwise how would people learn about Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk?



It's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D that doctors approve it for baby formulas. But it's not just a baby food. Both our army and the armies of our allies use carloads of it..."

"For the last time," groaned Elmer, "did we come here to watch a launching or to open a grocery store?"

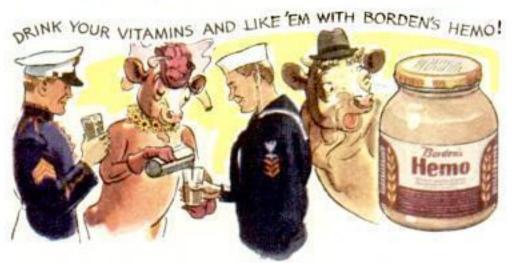
"Don't be ridiculous," laughed Elsie: "whoever heard of a grocery store in a shipyard?" "But," she observed thoughtfully, "if I were to open a grocery store, I'd be sure to feature a fine cheese like rich, full-flavored Borden's Camembert. Creamy Camembert on a cracker



not only makes a delicious dessert, but many people enjoy it for a snack between meals. Camembert is only one of more than a score of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*, and..."

"Please!!!" shouted Elmer. "Don't you ever talk about anything except good things to eat!"

"Of course I do," answered Elsie. "Sometimes I talk about good things to drink. Take Borden's Hemo, for



instance. It's the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em, and it tastes better than the best malted milk ever malted."

"There you go again," roared Elmer. "To hear you talk, anyone would think every good food under heaven had milk in it."

"Silly," chuckled Elsie. "There are any number of good foods that my milk has nothing to do with. There's not a drop of my milk in *Borden's None Such Mince*



Meat. And that's the spiciest, fruitiest mince meat ever, and it makes simply marvelous mince pies."

"I give up," sighed Elmer. "Go ahead and say it. Let's get it over with."

"Say what?" asked Elsie.

"The last word," grunted Elmer. "You know, the way you always wind up a discussion."

"I get it," giggled Elsie. "And I'll say it: If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"





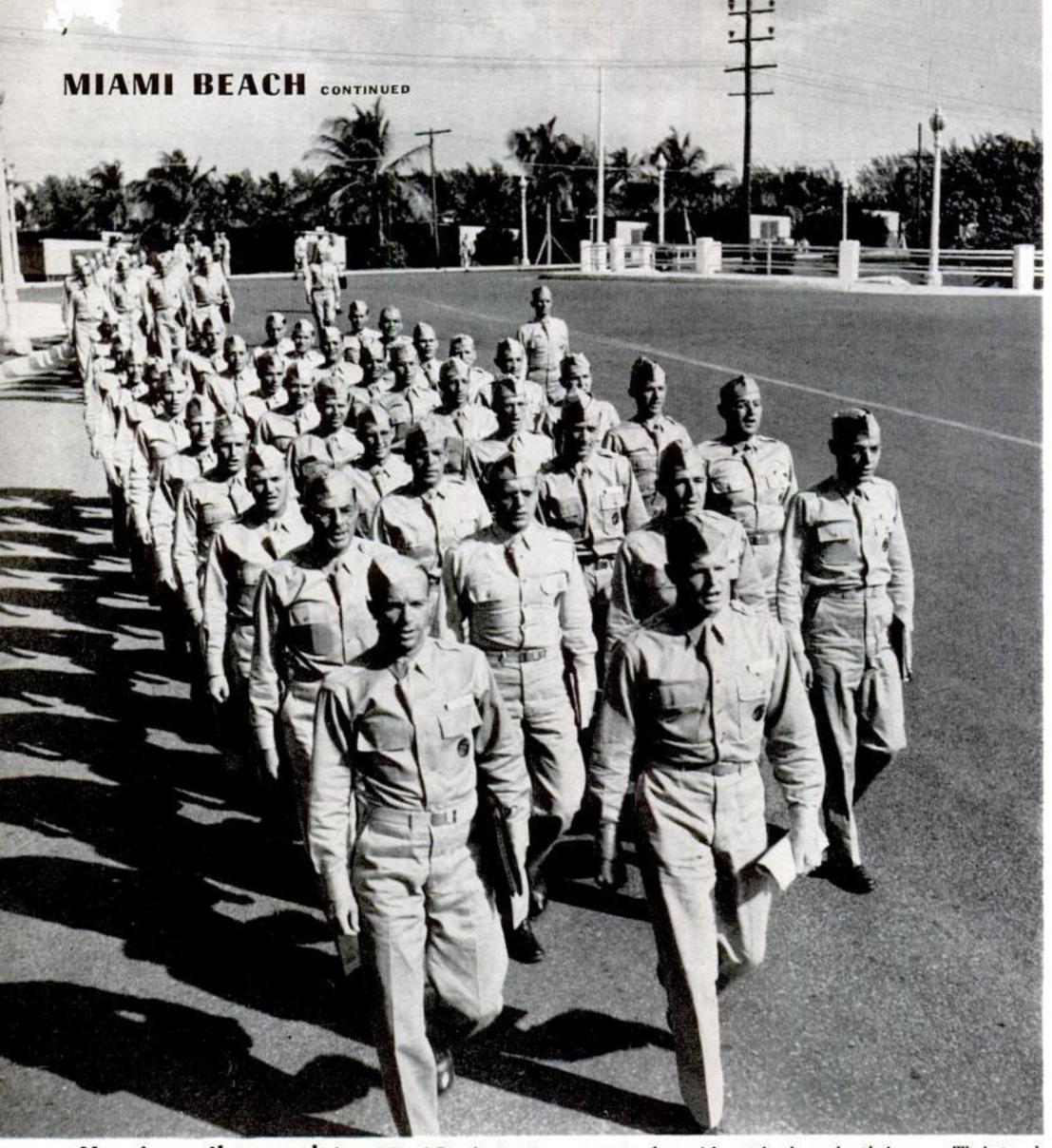
ENLISTED MEN OF THE ARMY AIR FORCES. WEARING THEIR FATIGUE SUITS AND CAPS, LINE UP OUTSIDE HOTEL EVANS WAITING TO FILE INTO ITS BIG NEW ARMY MESS HALL

MIAMI BEACH IT GOES TO WAR

America's winter playground, the home of the press agent and bathing beauty, has gone to war. The long, sandy spit of pleasure, crowded with lavish hotels and swarming with tourists, is now a dim peacetime memory. Externally, Miami Beach still looks pretty much the same. The sun still shines softly on the palm trees, the slow waves lap the warm sand, the wealthy shops still line smart Lincoln Road. But instead of tourists in gay sports clothes, young men of the U. S. Army Air Forces, dressed in drab khaki, march up and down the streets, drill on the green golf courses and live in the hotels. For now Miami Beach is a vast Army training center.

Moving in slowly, the Army has by now taken

over almost all of the 332 resort hotels. In some of them are quartered basic trainees—new enlisted men of the Air Forces who are learning the rudiments of Army life before being sent on to technical air schools and further service here or abroad. In others live the pick of America's young manhood—Air Force officer candidates who are spending a grueling 13 weeks winning Army commissions. In the rest live officers fresh from civilian life who, because of their special talents, have been commissioned in the Air Corps and are now being indoctrinated with Army customs and regulations. All of these marching thousands are giving Miami Beach a new vitality and purpose, even more exciting than in the old hectic, pre-war days.



Men sing as they march down Miami Beach streets. This spruce group is made up of officer candidates on their

way to class with notebooks under their arms. Their tough course of 13-weeks prepares them for administrative duties.

ITS YOUNG MEN ARE TRIM & FIT

Due of the Army reasons for taking over Miami Beach is its excellent year-round climate. Though it sometimes gets hotter than many of the Northern trainees like in the summertime, the warm, sunny weather is ideal for the purpose of toughening up men by constant exercise until they are physically fit. The enlisted men, officer candidates and officers are put through a round of exercise as comprehensive as their course of study. They drill, attend supervised calisthenics, hurdle the perils of an obstacle course in a city park and swim at the long, smooth beach.

When a man first arrives at Miami Beach, he is bewildered by its magnificence and apparent disorder. Men in uniform are everywhere. They fill the lobbies of hotels, dot the seashore and flood the streets with a riot of khaki. In a few days, the new arrival finds that life in the holiday lushness is as rigid and ordered as that in the bleakest of Army training camps. As his pallor disappears, he finds his place in the system. He lives in a room, once fabulously priced, whose floor he has to sweep and whose bed he has to make just like soldiers in wooden barracks. He may study his lessons in temporary classrooms, thrown up on the greens and fairways of a famous golf course. He eats Army food in cafeteria-serviced mess halls where dinner once cost \$5 a plate. His muscles become hard as he exercises in the sun.

Everywhere he goes in Miami Beach, he marches. And everywhere he marches, he sings. The streets rock with the Army Air Corps Song, I've Been Working On The Railroad or this favorite modernized version of The Old Gray Mare:

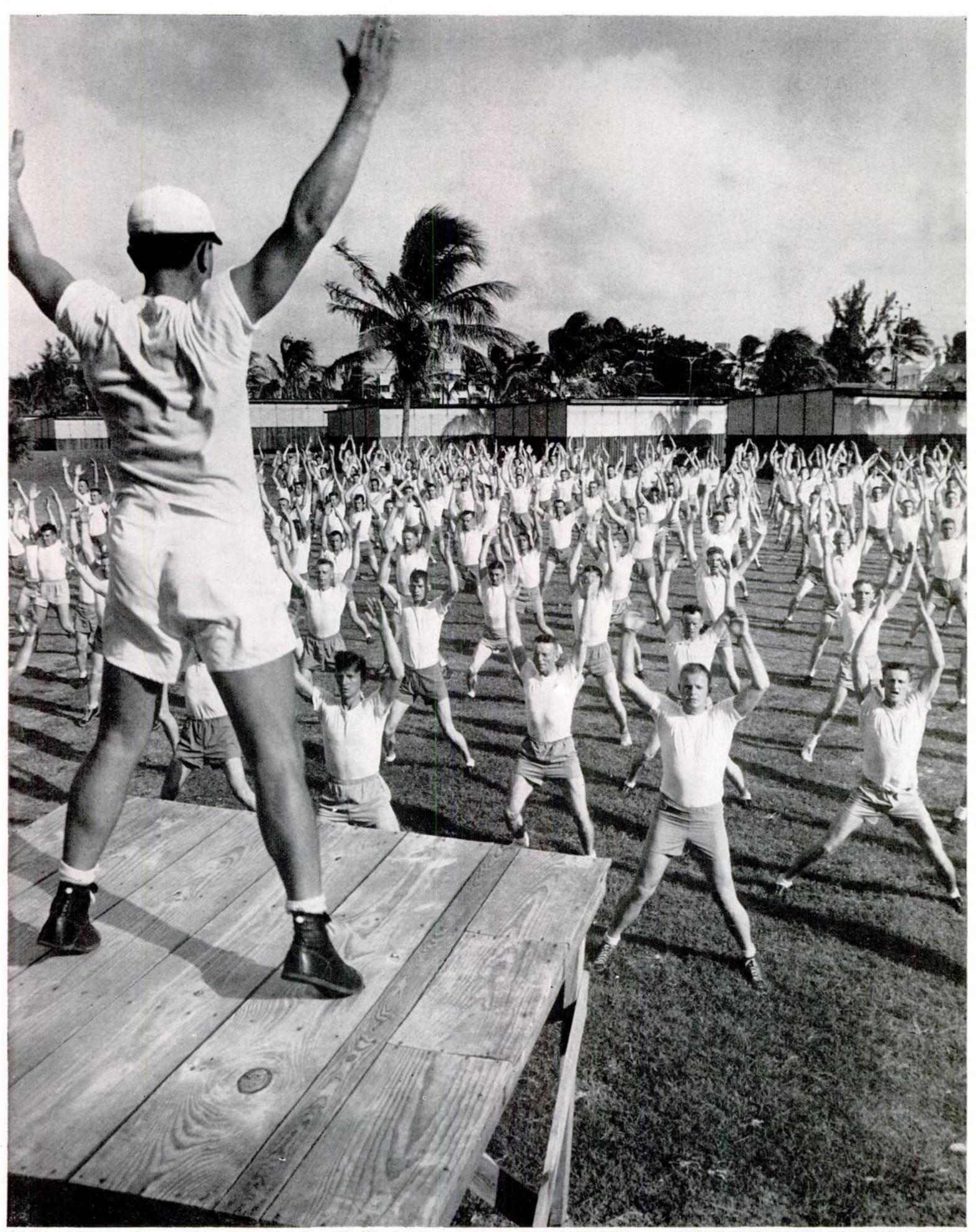
"The Stars and Stripes will fly over Tokyo, Fly over Tokyo, fly over Tokyo, The Stars and Stripes will fly over Tokyo, When Squadron X gets there."



Retreat is daily ceremony on one of two golf courses, now Army parade grounds. There are still three courses left for

civilian use. Each of three groups in training takes its turn at parade. Besides this drill, each group has to march to class,

meals, swimming and supervised recreation. In a few weeks, the recruits and officer-trainees are accomplished marchers.



Calisthenics harden officer candidates who are trained physically as well as mentally. This class is exercising on a

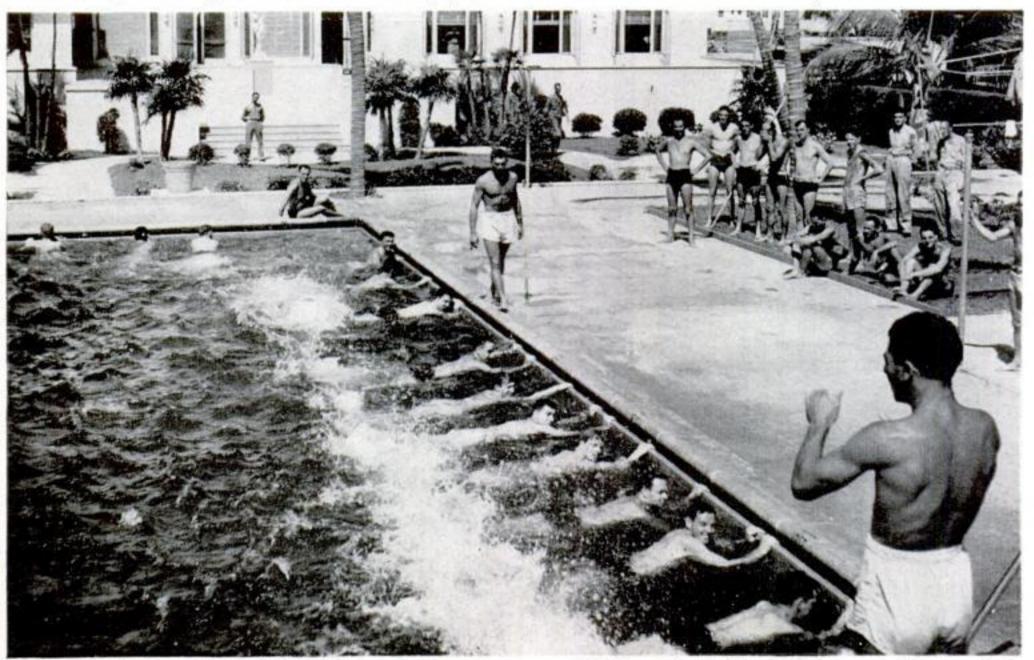
Miami Beach golf course whose temporary small buildings, used for classrooms, can be seen in background. Though life

under Southern palm trees seems soft to civilians, these men have a routine that is as stiff as those in regular Army camps.



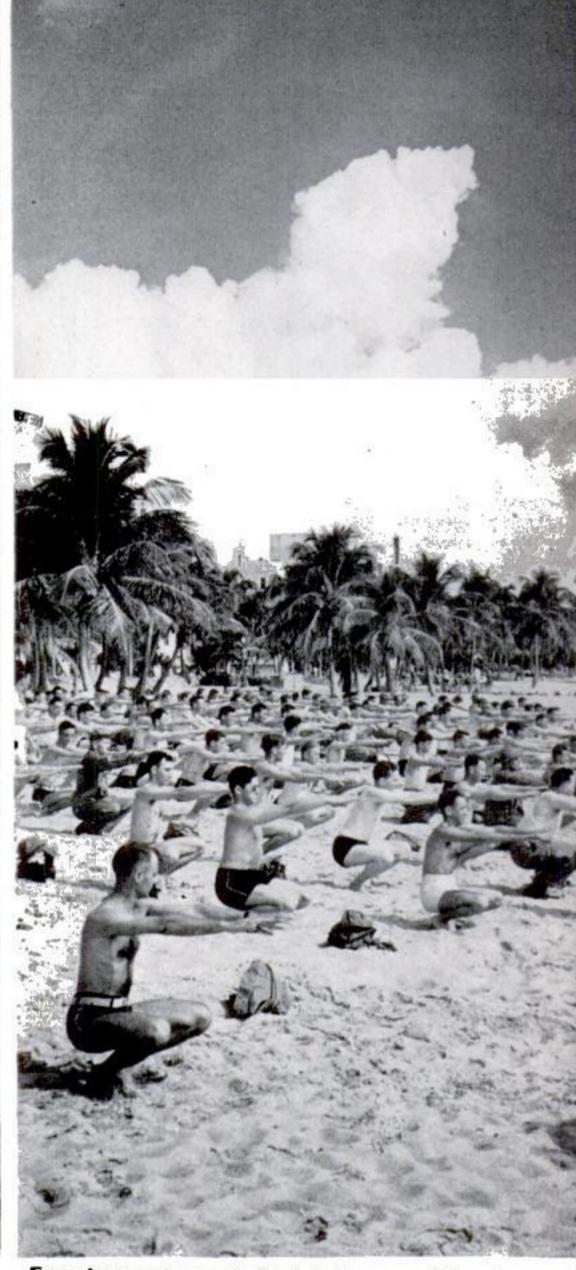
Typical of Miami Beach magnificence is this view of hotel courtyards facing the sea. Tourists used to pay \$15

and up per day for a view like this. Army men get the view free but none of the fun. Their days are full of hard work.



Swimming is taught to all the soldiers and officers at Miami Beach. This is a class in the pool of the Roney-Plaza,

one of the better-known hotels. It is now used by men of the Officer Candidate School. Soldiers and officers live in others.

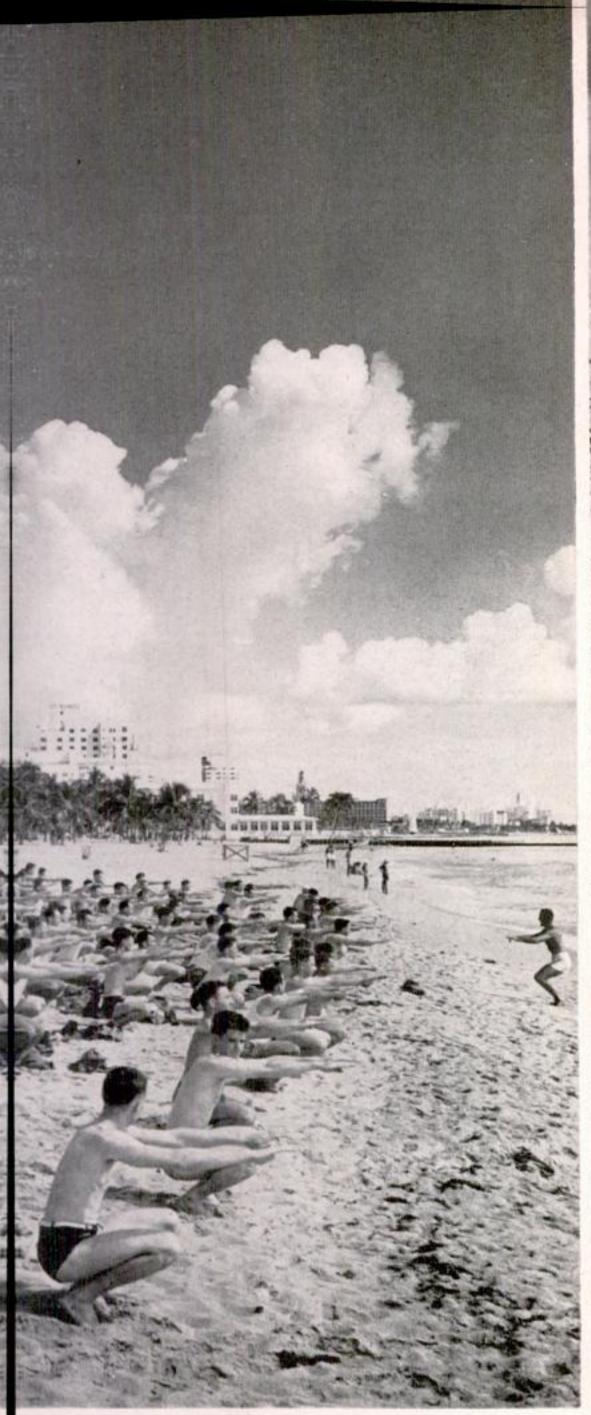


Exercises are done on the Beach by Army men. After a strenuous physical workout like this, they will go swimming in the

BEACH IS ARMY

Beach—an 8-mile strip of white sand facing the lazy blue ocean. It was a magnet that drew tourists and their money from the North to Florida. The best and most expensive hotels fronted the Beach, running down to the sand in elaborate tropical gardens and pebbly walks. The exclusive Bath and Surf Clubs had their cabanas on its whiteness and from it press agents like Steve Hannagan sent forth pictures of tanned, long-limbed girls that made Miami a household word to the nation's rotogravure readers.

It was the enchantment of the Beach—once a twisted, swampy wilderness of mahogany, mangrove, snakes and malaria, turned into fairyland by two smart promoters in the early 1920's—that started the great Florida boom. Then real-estate men dreamed of a new American civilization rising along its shores and ran their paper fortunes up in the millions. When the fabulous boom collapsed in 1925, the Beach's loveliness was untouched and year by year drew winter tourists from all over the U. S. When war came, catering to them was one of Florida's biggest industries.



warm Gulf Stream water. Civilians can use most of the Beach in the daytime, only parts being devoted solely to Army use.



Swimming in ocean is fun for soldier or civilian. The men leave their shoes, shirts and fatigue hats, which they

wear down to the Beach, in neat piles on sand. They will feel more like getting back to work after coming in from a dip.

DRILL GROUND

To the Army the Beach is solely a utilitarian area that has facilities for exercising and training a specific number of men per day. That is exactly how it is being used. Soldiers, officer candidates and officers are marched down to go swimming there daily. Companies of men work out with calisthenics on the sand. Sometimes, working late into the night, students in Beach hotel rooms look out briefly at the fabulous Miami moon or smell the frangipani blossoms in the soft air—things that once made Miami heaven for tourists.

For the duration, most of this heaven will be something for tourists to dream about. The Army has most of Miami Beach's living space. There is still some apartment space for civilian visitors on the Beach. But no one knows how long even that will be available. For the Army still needs room for its expanding forces. The expensive shops have already seen the handwriting on the wall and have either closed their doors or adapted themselves to serve Army men. Seeing the multiplying thousands of soldiers marching by their windows, they know the Army is there to stay.



Into the warm, blue surf go men of the Air Forces Officer Candidate School. This is part of their curriculum. Men

in foreground are evidently newcomers to the school, for their skin is still white. In a few weeks they will be deeply tanned.

Stock-broker's office on Collins Avenue is now a clinic for the treatment of tired and bruised Army feet. Lobby of Hotel Evans (below) is used as an office, is now

inhabited by Army clerks and typists instead of loungers and house detectives. Incongruous scenes like this can be seen all over Miami Beach, as the Army moves in.



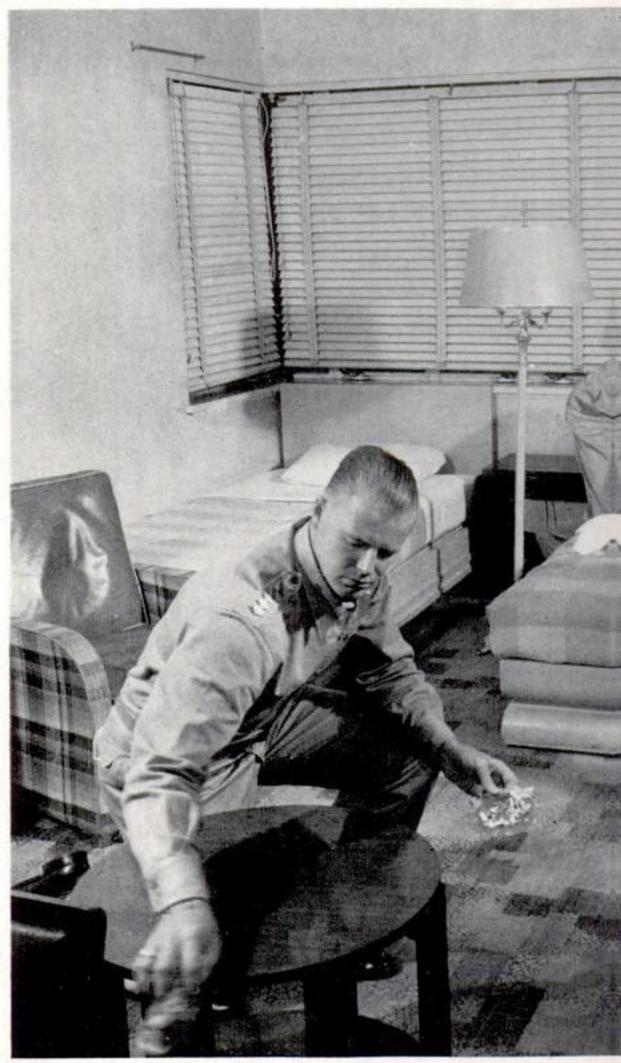
Army mess hall (below), converted from civilian use, serves the same plain, nourishing food found in any Army camp. Men line up outside the door and wait their turn

to file in and be served their meal cafeteria style. These hungry soldiers are eating in what was once the swank Carrousel Restaurant and biggest bar on Miami Beach.



MIAMI BEACH CONTINUED

WAR HAS CHANGED



Officer candidates clean their rooms just like any other soldiers. Every day the beds must be made, the floor swept and all the



Soldiers take their ease in circular paved courtyard of Breakwater Hotel. This is during infrequent break in the long day's work.

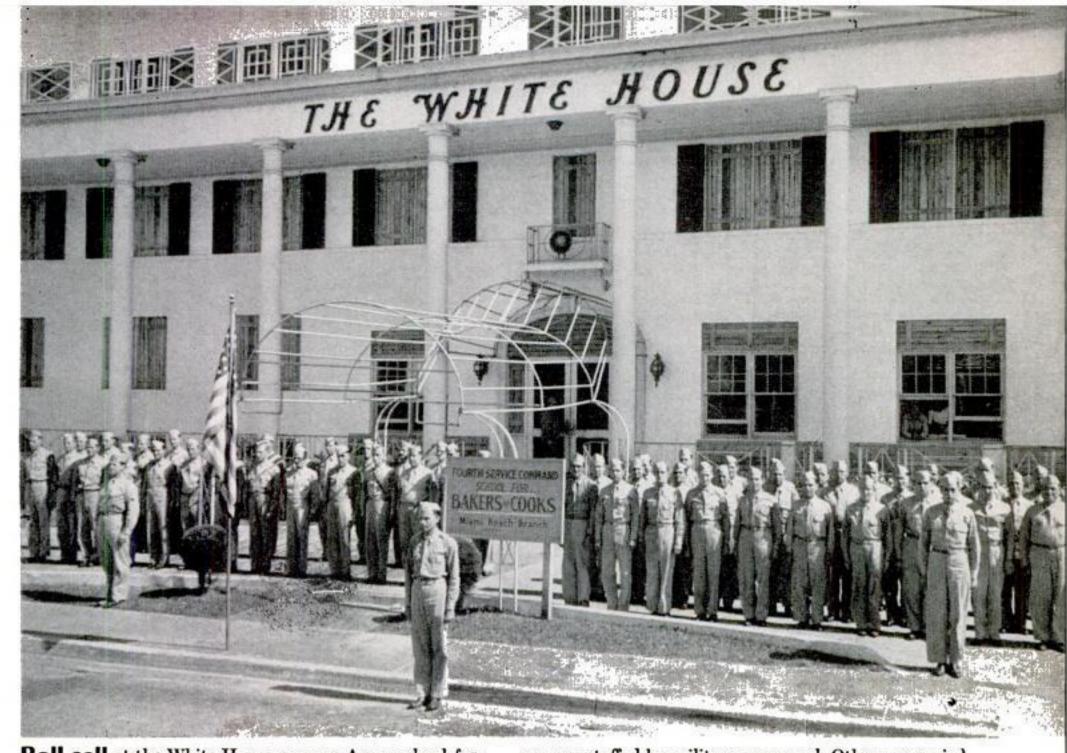
PEACETIME SCENES



furniture meticulously dusted. The candidate at left with shoulder tabs is a corps commander at the school, holds a highly coveted position.



Mail is distributed to soldiers in fatigue clothes lined up in front of their barracks. Miami soldiers stand all of the regular Army drills.



Roll call at the White House, now an Army school for bakers and cooks, is held early every morning. Some hotels at Miami Beach have been taken over entirely by the Ar-

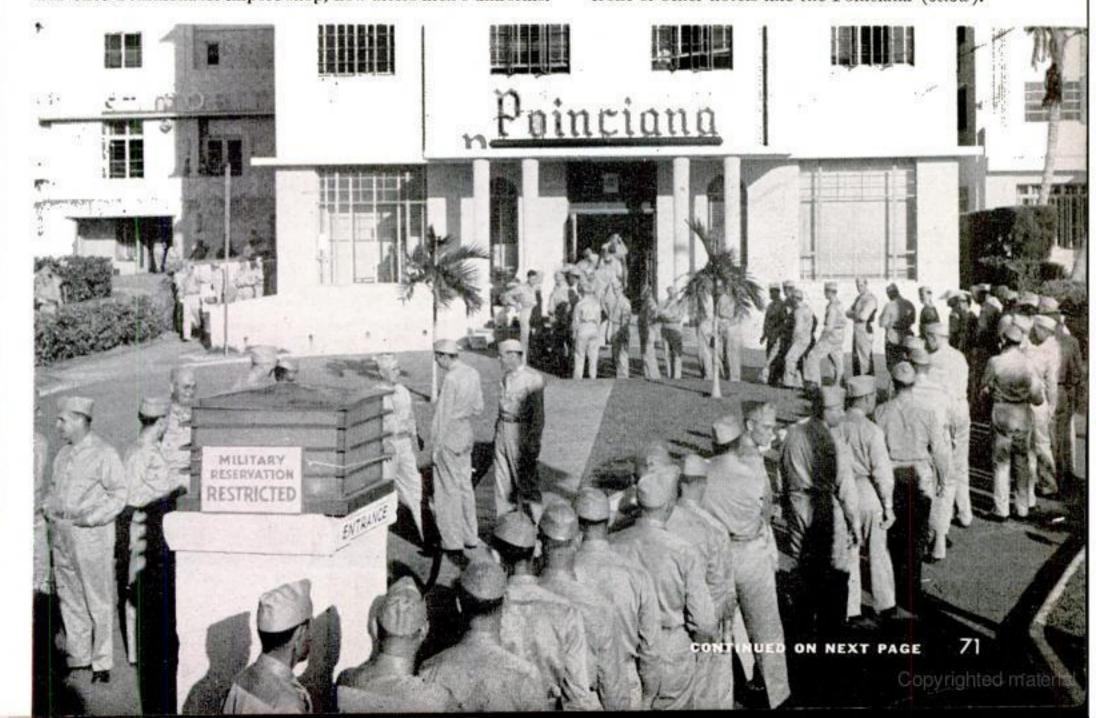
my, are staffed by military personnel. Others, occupied by soldiers, are still run by civilian management. Army now has about one-sixth of the resort's apartment space.



Smart shops have given up trying to sell the latest in civilian styles to tourists and are now catering to Army needs. This one was once a fashionable import shop, now alters men's uniforms.



Classes are now held in the Coffee Shoppe of the Drake Hotel and Army airmen are lined up in front of other hotels like the Poinciana (below).



MIAMI BEACH CONTINUED



Officer candidates study, unperturbed by the murals or the flossy decorations. This class is being held in Bouché's,

a former Miami Beach night club. As long as they are large enough and in good condition, the Army is uninterested in the

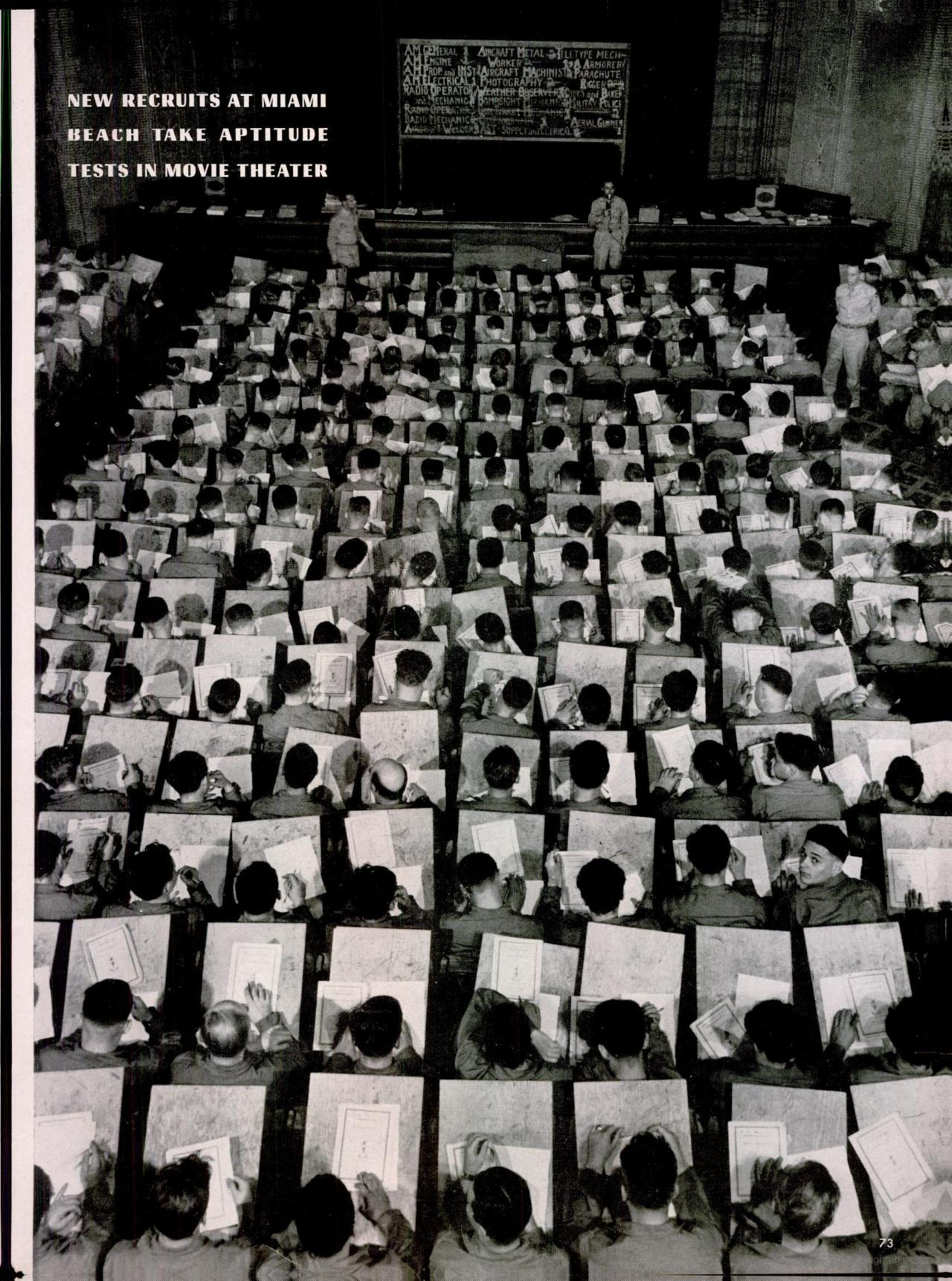
past history of its quarters. Nudes can be painted over. The most important thing now is to get the work done quickly.



Class in chemical warfare is taught in grandstand of the Flamingo Park Baseball Field. The Philadelphia "Phil-

lies" used to hold their spring practice here. The students like these outdoor classes, often hear lectures while seated on the

grass under the palms. They are just as attentive outdoors as in, for they cannot afford to waste a minute's time in school.





Lots of Uncle Sam's Chillun Got Wings

Fighting pilots are made-not born.

And to make enough pilots to fight a global war . . . enough navigators . . . enough bombardiers . . . requires training planes, training planes and *more* training planes.

Since Hitler gave the order to march on Poland, more primary training planes have come from Boeing's Midwestern plant than from any other single American plant.

That's why Boeing men and women get an extra-special thrill when they read of American

bombers and fighters hitting the enemy where it hurts. . . . They know the odds are that the men in those planes got their "primary" in a Boeing trainer.

Boeing training planes include the Army's PT-17, the Navy's N2S-2 and N2S-3, and the new bomber-crewtrainer AT-15 in which pilots, bombardiers, navigators, gunners and other crew members are given integrated training. And at training fields in Great Britain and China . . . in Canada, Mexico and Cuba

Boeing planes are helping young men to sprout their wings of war.

The engineering and manufacturing skill expressed in Boeing primary trainers, crewtrainers, Flying Fortresses,* Stratoliners* and Pan American Clippers will some day be directed to peacetime pursuits. Then Boeing wartime research . . . in radio and refrigeration, heating and hydraulics, soundproofing and a score of other engineering fields . . . will make the fruits of victory ripen sooner and sweeter.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS . THE STRATOLINER . PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BORING TRADE-MARKS

BOEING

74



GENERAL CLARK'S SECRET MISSION

Expert planning and a stifled cough enabled Mark Clark to lay groundwork for North African invasion by CAPTAIN GODFREY B. COURTNEY

In Mountbatten's Combined Operations Command, life is always a gamble and assignments are usually an adventure. So I was ready for almost anything when I was told to select from my outfit a good navigator, and an expert to handle small boats, and report aboard a submarine. I picked Captain R. P. Livingston who can shoot stars at almost any angle to tell where he is, and Lieutenant J. P. Foote, a baby-faced boy of 20 who can make small boats

do inside loops. The three of us reported aboard the submarine wondering what it was all about. We had been told to take our boats with us.

We were sitting around speculating about our mission when we heard a noise forward. My eyes popped when I saw a U. S. Army officer with the two stars of a major general on his shoulders. There were four other Americans, and after they had passed by our bunks Livingston nudged me and whispered, "This is going to be the craziest thing yet." I had been expecting almost anything but nothing like this and I was inclined to agree with him. The tall chap with the general's insignia was not built for a submarine. He kept bumping his head against the knobs and the bulkheads.



Shortly before the American expedition to North Africa, U. S. General Mark Clark, General Eisenhower's second-in-command, made a secret trip to Algeria to prepare the way for the troop landings. Author of this article is the 28-year-old Commando captain who was entrusted with the job of landing the Clark party in Algeria from a British submarine. He carried out his assignment without bloodshed. His success in suppressing a cough at a strategic moment may have changed the course of history.

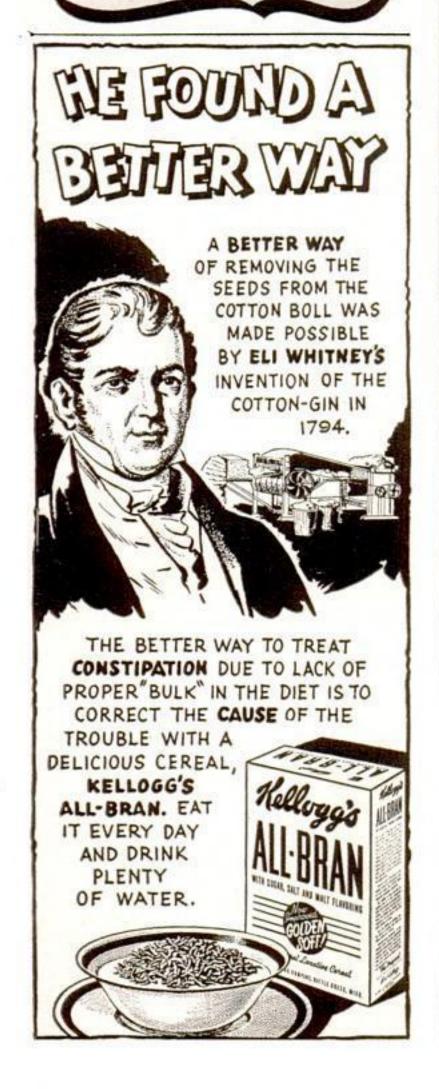
The skipper of the submarine, whom I had met before, played host and introduced us all to our traveling companions. It was then for the first time that I learned the tall fellow was Major General Mark Clark, second in command to Eisenhower. The others were Brigadier General Lemnitzer, Colonel Holmes, Colonel Hamblen, and Captain Jerauld Wright of the U. S. Navy. We did not ask any questions then.

Clark and his party had the ward-

room and the submarine's officers doubled up with us. With eight passengers aboard the submarine, which was not built for world cruises, it was pretty crowded and a crowded submarine is not very comfortable. The next day Submarine Commander Lieutenant N. L. A. Jewell said he did not know exactly what the expedition was all about so I interrupted Clark's bridge game in the wardroom to ask him to "brief me on plans," and he said he would after lunch.

I went back to my bunk to check over the rations, tommy guns and knives. I never can read on a submarine but Livingston, who is a classical scholar and architect as well as a navigator, had his head buried in one of





CLARK'S MISSION (continued)

those heavy tomes he always takes along. Foote seemed trying to doze. After lunch, which we ate in relays because there were so many of us, Clark told me his party wanted to land on the Algerian coast to meet some people and discuss certain things, then get away. That was where Livingston, Foote and I came in.

He told me he wasn't even sure he wasn't walking into a trap. But he said he didn't want any shooting if it could be avoided. Then he said:

"You know how to do these things and we're completely in your hands. It's your baby."

As I went back to my little hole in the corner to break the news to the others, I noticed the American officers resuming their bridge game. It was my job to lay the general plan wherein each of us had a part to play. There were a lot of uncertain factors to be considered, so it wasn't easy. First we didn't know what was going to happen when we landed. Second, the shoreline was strange to us. Third, no one knew how long Clark and his men would stay ashore. All afternoon we mulled over our arrangements, changing a detail here or there according to what we thought might happen.

After supper that night we decided to give Clark and his men a little practice with boats. We made them get in and get out of them in the submarine, and then asked the skipper to heave to so we could practice in the water.

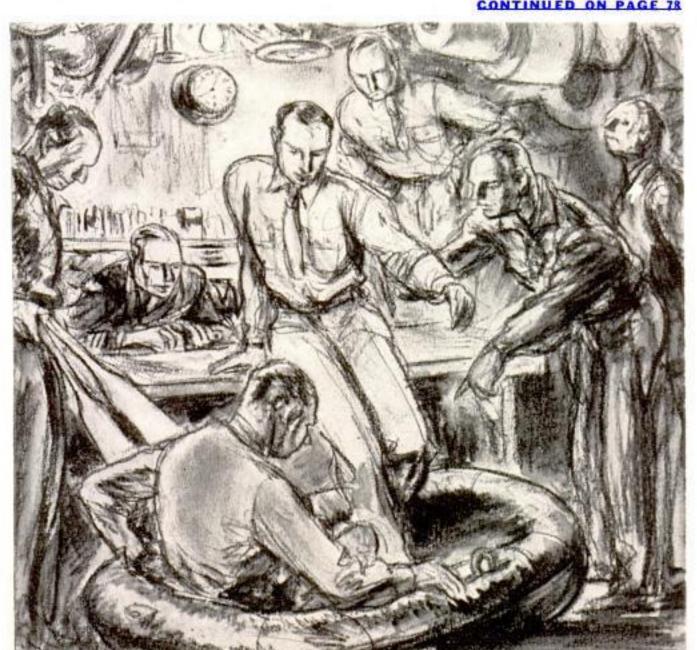
Boat practice under the stars

It was a beautiful Mediterranean night. The stars were out and the moon was nearly full and there was only a slight swell. As Clark and the others practiced with the boats, a lot of joking went on. They recalled their childhood days and the various duckings they had had. Oddly enough Colonel Holmes, civil affairs adviser of the party, was the only one who showed real boat sense. Wright, who is a naval captain, didn't show up much better than the rest, although before the trip ended he was the only one who never got wet.

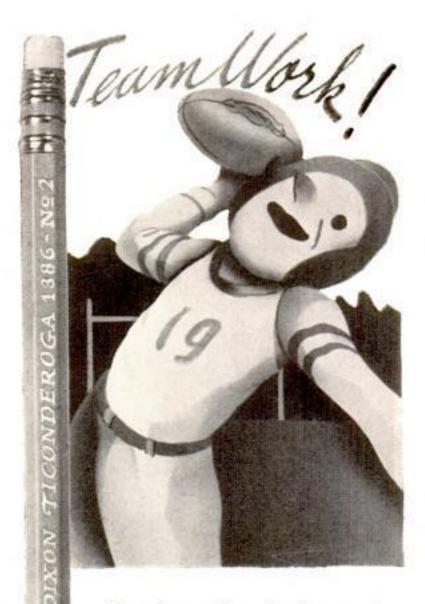
When I thought Clark and his party had had enough, we went below again to rest up for the next day. Lying in my bunk, I thought what a pity it was that one of the American Rangers hadn't been able to come along. He would have loved it. I helped train a group of Rangers and a keener bunch of chaps I have never met.

General Clark had told me that a light would be shown from the rendezvous for which we were making. Before dawn the next morning we saw it shining against a dark background of mountains. But it was nearly daybreak and the rendezvous wasn't until the next night so we decided to play safe and spent the day cruising submerged a few miles offshore.

Cruising up and down, Livingston had his eye glued to the periscope and made some excellent sketches which proved useful later. When that night we saw the same light again, we prepared to go ashore. Previously we had been given some gold coins and paper



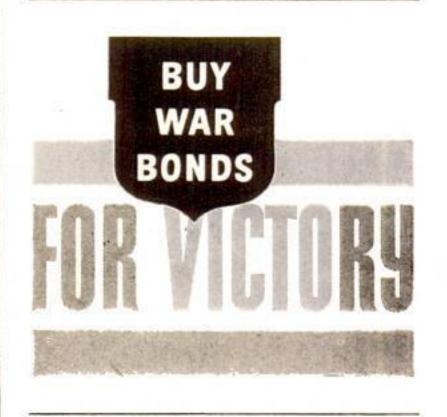
Practice getting in and out of boats is given General Mark Clark, and his party inside the submarine. Lieutenant Foote, a British expert on small boats, is directing the drill.

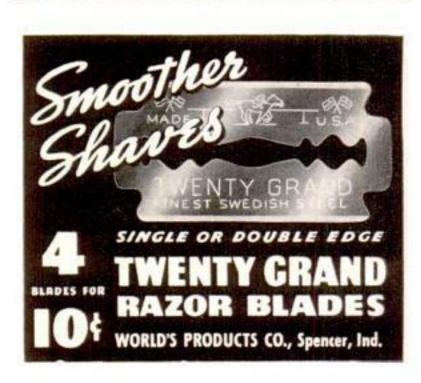


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"We've left the wishful thinking up to Hitler"

Autur J. Bower

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For Arthur Bower, the promotion of his son fulfilled an ambition that had grown since the day, twenty years before, when he had come with Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated as a skilled machinist.

Brought to this country as a child from Nova Scotia, and

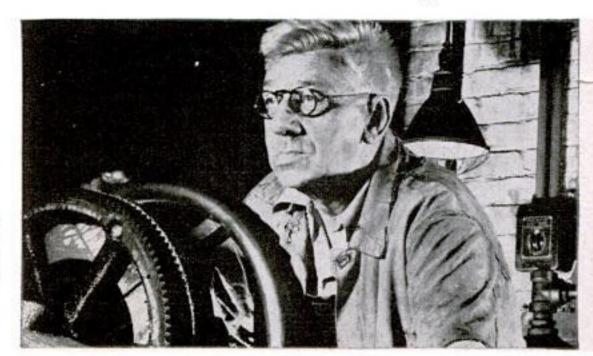
Brought to this country as a child from Nova Scotia, and cast on his own resources in his teens, he had been determined that his children should have what he had missed. And any father could feel proud of the attractive, comfortable home he had provided for five daughters and four sons. Of the good clothes, the piano and radio, the big modern kitchen for the girls. And the education, the start in life, he had been able to give them all.

No one needs to explain to Arthur Bower that these are the things in his life that our enemies would crush. Like each of us, he knows that this war is personal, that Hitler is striking at him. That is why he urges his machine to work faster, why he and his sons pool all their skill to make flawless copper and brass parts. They know that Hitler said Americans were soft . . . they are sending him their answer in hot metal.

Between you and Arthur Bower there is a closer connection than you know. Before the war he made print rolls, cylinders of copper from which printed fabrics receive their beautiful colored patterns. Partly through his skill our homes are brightened with charming curtains, women have stunning dresses to wear. And because American freedom of enterprise brings mutual benefits, your use of copper has helped to give Arthur Bower and his sons the security and happiness we all are fighting for today.

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PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS





Stiffing a cough, Courtney lies on floor of dusty cellar where Clark's party hid. Artist Wallace Morgan shows Clark loading his carbine while looking nervously at Courtney.

CLARK'S MISSION (continued)

money in case we were captured. We had been joking about what we would do if things went wrong. We decided that, should we meet anyone who offered us resistance, we would just have to "bop him on the head and hope he would forget about it when he woke up." Clark and his men were provided with money too.

We got the boats ready and decided that Holmes, who knew some of the men ashore, should go first with Livingston, our navigator. Lemnitzer and Foote went next, then Wright and Hamblen. The first three boats got off safely. Clark and I were going last but before he could get in, a wave came up and overturned me. That was the first time Clark showed any excitement.

"I've got to get off," he shouted. "I've simply got to go now." I recalled Wright's boat and Hamblen gave up his place to Clark. My boat was cracked in several places but Hamblen and I decided to take a chance and went on anyway. We caught up with the rest of the party and all landed more or less together.

I heard Holmes or somebody sloshing up the beach talking with people he seemed glad to see. The rest of us followed and carried our boats up a cliff to a white-walled house which turned out to be the place we had been making for all the time. Inside the house Clark and his men separated into groups, talking with men who had been awaiting them. Everybody was talking at once, gesticulating and toasting each other with highballs. We had a drink of whisky too, then went up to our rooms. Clark had asked us to keep out of the way as much as possible. The Americans thought the less seen of the British uniforms the better.

By this time everything seemed more like Alice in Wonderland than ever. But what interested me most at that point was getting dry and into bed. My last thought before going to sleep was that I'd be in a nice mess if trouble began before my trousers came back from being dried.

All the next morning we cleaned and oiled our weapons and Foote repaired the damage to my boat. My trousers were still not dry, so I wrapped a curtain around me and had lunch looking like that Hollywood sarong girl.

"For God's sake, put those things away!"

The men who waited on us in our room seemed friendly. They told us how the Arabs had to go around in rags because of the blockade. That afternoon there were a couple of false alarms and everyone rushed to hide. Livingston, Foote and I got our guns ready just in case, but every time Clark and his men saw us they told us 'for God's sake' to put those things away. I guess they thought we were itching to shoot someone. Between the alarms Livingston studied his books as usual.

We hardly saw anything of our party all day. They were conferring. In the late afternoon we saw a servant bring in 16 chickens. They were killed for our supper. But we never had a chance to eat them.







Here's to '43 . . .

Here's to '43 and to the grandest girl in all the world... from the proudest me. Here's to health and happiness... and may each sparkling moment that passes be a shining mark for the future to outdo. Here's to a world without war; here's hoping that the year to come brings joy and peace to all the earth.





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Clark and Captain Wright are heaved into boat by the seats of their trousers as they try to leave African coast in heavy surf. On this, the second attempt, boat got off safely.

Around 7 p. m. there was a sudden commotion in the courtyard below. One of Clark's party, I've forgotten who, called, "Get your kit ready quickly! There are two policemen on the way."

The turmoil downstairs increased. Some of the local party were leaping out from the ground-floor windows. Others were getting out of uniform. Then the order to get on the beaches was countermanded and we—that is, Clark's group and mine—hastily shoved through a trap door into the dusty dark cellar. Upstairs the local party who had stayed behind walked about whistling nonchalantly until there came a loud knocking on the gate. A loud argument developed above while we sat wondering what would happen next. Clark was trying to load his carbine in the dark for something to do but he wasn't getting on too well.

A cough would have echoed round the world

"How in the hell do you load this thing?" he whispered to us. We asked him please to put it away. Then my throat began to tickle from the dust in the cellar. I began to choke and wanted to cough. I stuffed a handkerchief in my mouth and rolled over on my stomach but I couldn't suppress a wheeze. Clark finally found some chewing gum. This saved the day for me.

We were in the cellar for one hour and a half before we heard tin cans, which had been placed over the trap door to hide it, being removed. We held our breath. Our guns were ready to shoot if necessary. But it was one of our local friends.

He had told the police a cock-and-bull story about playing host at a wild party in the house which was supposed to have been deserted. The police weren't satisfied, however, and our local friends told us to get away as soon as possible.

Back on the beach we found a heavy ground swell had developed. Clark was eager that we get away, however, and we signaled the submarine to come in close and wait for us.

Clark and Livingston were to make the first attempt. We helped them into the boat, then pushed it through the surf as far as we could. But a comber caught the boat and flipped the boat and the passengers end over end. After that, Clark decided to put off the departure and we hid our boats in the bushes while two of our crowd stood guard.

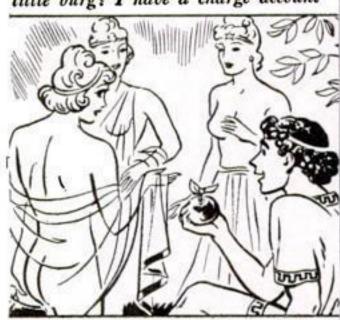
Then began the swapping of trousers according to seniority. Clark, who was soaking wet, borrowed Lemnitzer's. Lemnitzer, who is a general too, borrowed Foote's. Foote, who is only a lieutenant, couldn't borrow anyone's but he made the sacrifice gladly after seeing Lemnitzer in all his dignity doing sentry duty with a carbine over his knees and nothing else. I was sitting under a bush with my trousers on, counting the waves to see if the swell was decreasing. With a trained crew it might have been possible to get through the surf, but it seemed pretty hopeless with men who had to be taught how to get into boats a couple of nights before. I was beginning to feel pretty discouraged when I noticed the surf less heavy at a certain point on the beach. I walked out toward the surf as far as I could and decided

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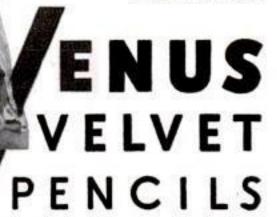
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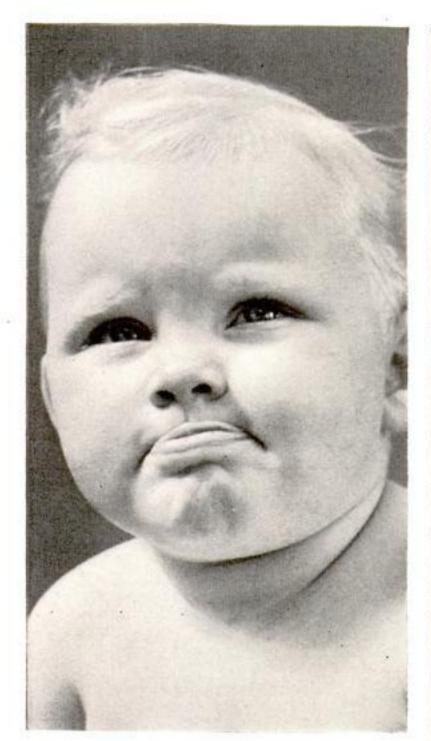


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CLARK'S MISSION (continued)

that, by carrying the boats on our shoulders beyond the breakers, we might be able to get away.

I returned to the house and proposed the scheme to Clark. He asked me what I thought the chances were and I told him we could count on two of the four boats reaching the submarine safely.

"I've got to get them all back as long as there's a chance," Clark told me. He decided to wait a little longer. By 4 a. m. he came down to the beach, but when he saw that the surf was still high he told us we should prepare to wait another day rather than risk losing a man. As soon as they heard this, the local hosts got excited and said it would be suicide for us to stay. "All right," said Clark to me, "we'll try your scheme." We signaled the submarine again to come in as close as possible, warning the skipper we were in difficulties. I asked everybody to dump everything he had because I had to keep the boats light to get through that surf. Wright, who is a Navy man, said, "You can lose anything but oars," which proved sound advice later.

By the seat of a general's trousers

Wright and Clark as representatives of the Navy and Army were to go first. Their return was imperative if the operations on the African front (whereof we were still ignorant, of course) were to succeed. Four of us carried their boat beyond the breakers and then heaved the captain and the general into it by the seats of their trousers. We gave the boat a shove and off it went, teetering but upright. We could see their oars churning the air and water when they disappeared in the darkness.

Disaster overtook the next pair—Lemnitzer and Foote. Their boat overturned and they got a thorough ducking. The next time they tried it they had better luck and so half our group was on its way. Holmes, whose French was fluent, decided to stay until the last with Livingston. The idea was that, if the police returned, he could rea-

son with them.

I got my second ducking when Hamblen and I were leaving. A big wave spilled us into the water. I came up sputtering and all I could see of my companion was one arm holding up an oar as if it were Excalibur. He remembered Wright's advice and had taken it to heart. On our next attempt we got away. Holmes and Livingston followed us without any mishaps.

Lieutenant Jewell had done a wonderful job edging in close to the shore and it wasn't long until we were all back on the submarine.

Putting out to sea we saw two pairs of bright headlights. They came to a standstill by the house on the cliff. We learned a few days later that the police arrived in full force. We had escaped just in time.

It was all quite a relief to me to have the responsibility over. It was the most exciting raid I had ever been on. It was the most artistic too. By that I mean there wasn't any bloodshed.

Back in the wardroom everyone relaxed for the first time in two days, Clark slapping us on the back and shouting to Lemnitzer, "Say Lem, I lost my pants." We all had "to the Navy" rum but we were too excited to eat the dinner which the cook had prepared. Back in our corner Livingston said to me, "Well, old chap, we've fulfilled our contract." And Jewell shouted over to us, "Good show, you bums."



Swapping of trousers takes place after Clark got his soaking. Clark borrows pants of Lemnitzer (seated) who, in turn, borrows Foote's. Courtney (at left) watches the sea.



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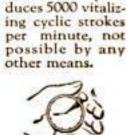
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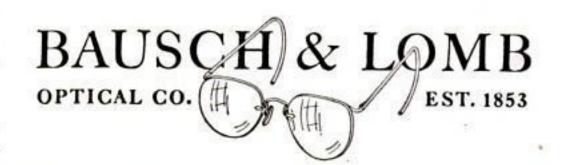
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The traditional "smoke-filled room" is here photographed by LIFE before it fills with smoke. This is the hotel sitting room assigned to retiring National Chairman Joseph W. Martin Jr. of Massachusetts. In just a few minutes an important political conference is going to begin here.



Alone with his thoughts, before guests arrive, sits Joe Martin. Below, LIFE photographs an early-bird conference including (l. to r.) Clarence ("Bud") Kelland, Henry Fletcher, Senator Taft, Martin, ex-Senator Townsend of Delaware and (back to the camera) Barak Mattingly.

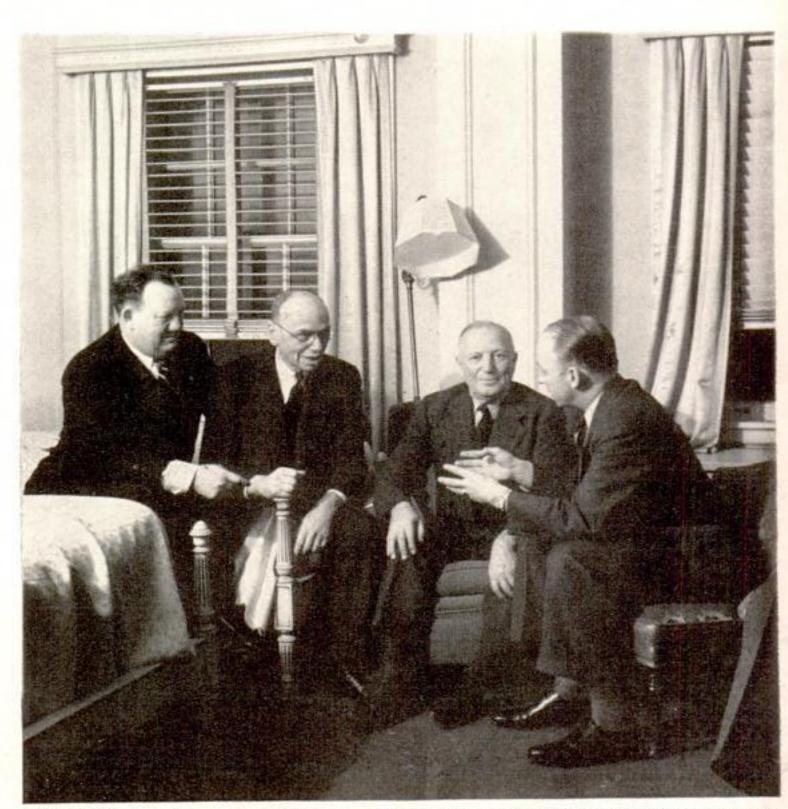




Eating together gives Republicans a chance to talk over the situation and build up energy at the same time. Joe Martin (facing camera) dines in hotel Jug Room with assorted politicians.

Life Goes to a Republican National Committee Meeting

And a new G.O.P. chairman is chosen in St. Louis



Caucusing is a must for every politician worth his salt. Here (l. to r.) are Homer Capehart, Bill Stern, Harrison Spangler (later elected chairman), and Governor-elect Hickenlooper of Iowa.



Sitting around at private parties in somebody's suite is a favorite activity at all political gatherings. These Republicans are being entertained by Barak Mattingly, Missouri committeeman.

For a few happy days last fortnight the members of the Republican National Committee engaged in a round of good old-fashioned American politicking. The scene was the swank Hotel Coronado in St. Louis. The purpose was the election of a new Republican national chairman to keep the party oiled up and ready to roll in the election of 1944. There were committee members (or their proxies) present from the 48 States, District of Columbia and four territories, including the Philippines.

The things these Republicans did were pretty much what all normal U.S. politicians do when they get together, in peace or war. They shook hands, slapped backs, puffed cigars and occasionally dozed in the hotel's Aztec-decorated lobby. They caucused over coffee cups, sat up late in hotel bedrooms and sprawled uncomfortably on hotel sofas. They got off in corners for little tête-á-têtes that often looked



Quiet talks in a quiet corner are sometimes effective. Here Committeeman Renfro Creager of Texas and Committeewoman Marion Martin of Maine get off by themselves in dining room.



Forecasting is political fun, but risky. Just after this picture was taken Candidate Schroeder (second from right) told reporters that he was sure of being elected chairman. He was mistaken.

more important than they were. They passed a win-the-war resolution which ended with the slogan "God Bless America!"

And, somewhat to their own surprise, they found themselves involved in a brisk little fight over their new chairman. Some of the Old Guard and the Chicago Tribune crowd wanted to elect Werner Schroeder of Illinois. Wendell Willkie (who did not attend the meeting) and his friends were for almost anybody but Schroeder. Western "progressives" put up Fred Baker, of Washington State. Retiring Chairman Joe Martin let the Schroeder and Baker supporters slug each other to a standstill on two close ballots, and then called a recess. Everyone rushed off to caucus and when they came back they were all agreed on a compromise candidate—chubby Oldtimer Harrison Spangler of Iowa, who was promptly and unanimously elected.



Calling the roll is job of Secretary Harold Mason (right). This picture was taken during tense moment on second ballot, which found committee still deadlocked between Schroeder and Baker.



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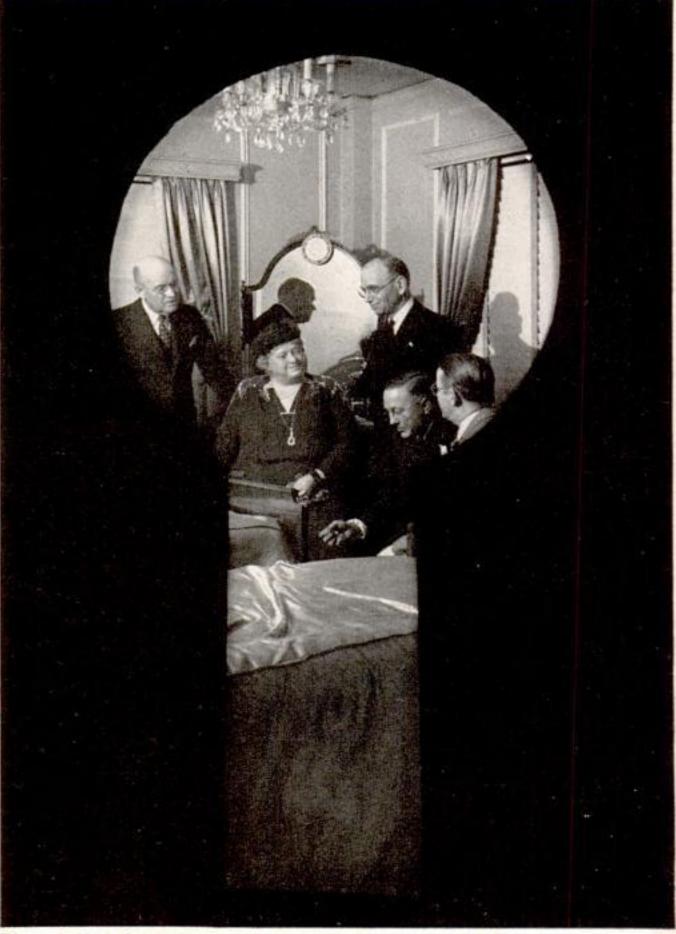
DOUBLE-WAXED!

Help keep food-values in left-overs this easy way! Moist foods stay moist, dry foods stay dry...longer!...in transparent, pliable, strong Waxtex...Stretch food budgets with America's handiest food-saver!—The Menasha Products Co., Division of Marathon Paper Mills Co., Menasha, Wisconsin.





With rumors buzzing, LIFE Reporter Ed Harris and Photographer Charles Steinheimer demonstrate how to get news by setting up shop outside a locked hotel room.



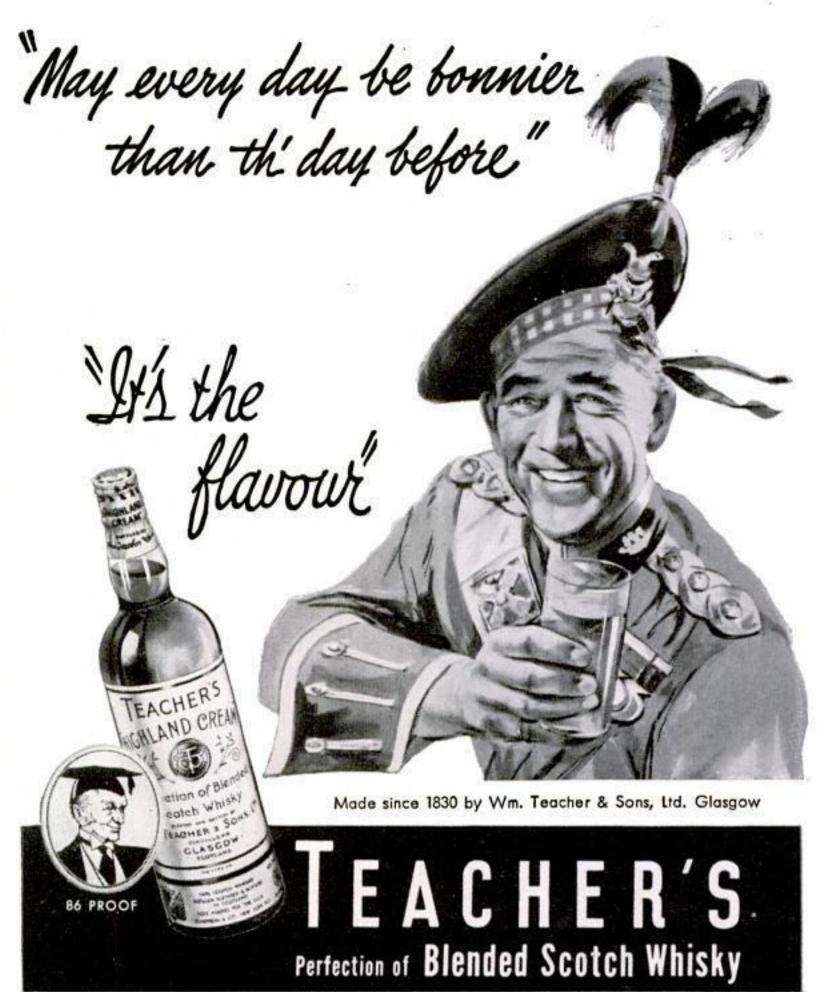
Through keyhole, Steinheimer's camera picks up gag shot of what they saw. This is probably as exciting as anything at the meeting, which was important but dull.



After second ballot Republicans of all factions caucused, then gathered in Room 845 (above) and agreed to end deadlock between Candidates Baker and Schroeder.

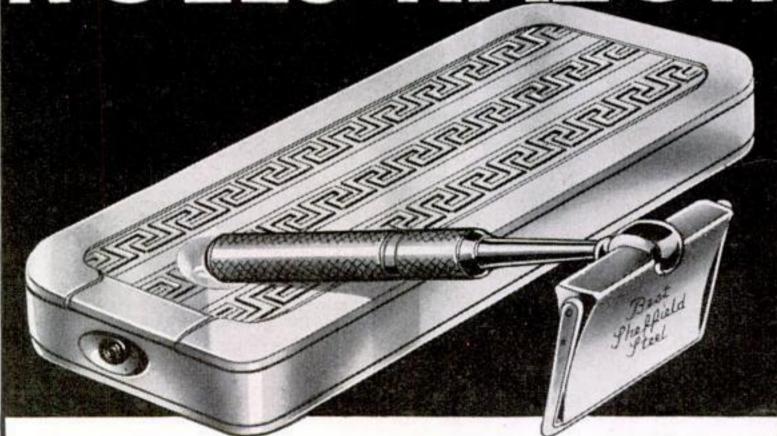


When they came out they had a compromise candidate, Harrison Spangler of Iowa (right). Spangler's big asset is that nobody in party is mad at him about anything.



SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK . IMPORTERS SINCE 1794





CORRY, but we won't be able to Solve any more CIVILIAN shaving problems until after the war.

The Rolls Safety Razor, with its ONE hollow-ground, Sheffield Steel blade, is now available only to U.S. Post Exchanges and Ships Service Stores.

output will disappoint many thousands of civilians. However, the demand on the part of our soldiers, sailors and marines for this complete shaving instrument, with its hone and strop in a compact, convenient case, is constantly growing. We are sure you would want We regret that this restricted us to serve our armed forces first.

When your Rolls Razor needs service or adjustment, send us your complete instrument. This will enable us to check all parts and operations, thus assuring many more years of trouble-free shaving.

ROLLS RAZOR, INC. - Sales & Service - 342 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

A lifetime of shaving pleasure in ONE blade!





On the Industrial Front. As business converts to war work, Esterbrook, the pen preferred by business, helps keep war production rolling. Drafting room, office, production workers—all need Esterbrook service and efficiency.



In Government Service. Esterbrook products play a leading part in equipping the Government's wartime staff of nearly two and a half million workers with business writing equipment.

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IN THIS total war, writing is essential to the fighting. Without writing—and efficient writing tools—war industry production and Government war services would be limited. Without writing, front line troop operations would be handicapped. In every phase of modern warfare, writing is essential.

As the world's leading manufacturer of pens, we expected and welcome our obligation to provide war industries, Government agencies, and the Armed Forces with pens so vital to a million-and-one jobs. Esterbrook . . . the pen preferred by business . . . today helps business in the biggest job yet—that of planning, carrying through, and winning this war.

Civilian orders for Esterbrook products can be filled only after we take care of Government, military and war industry needs. If your stationer cannot supply you immediately with Esterbrook Pens we know you will understand why. Writing is fighting—and Esterbrook is serving in the fight.

THE ESTERBROOK PEN COMPANY, Camden, N. J.

Esterbruck Is the Business pen

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

DESERT FURY

Sirs:

The Earthshaker himself must have been just out of sight behind that foreground hump when this picture was made. Certainly it seemed so to me as the clouds swirled into black masses overhead and thunder shook the air with quite the loudest noise I have ever heard.

The lightning was a stage effect I hadn't counted on when I

set up my camera to make this photograph. I had come four miles south on U. S. Route 80 from Road Forks, N. Mex., looking for a storm picture. I liked this one for the dramatic succession of blacks and grays in the clouds and hills, the sharp accent of the twister just taking shape on the horizon, in the foreground the contrast of the ocotillo plant's hairy tongues. I readied my camera and, just as I released the exposure mechanism, blinding flashes of lightning sliced

through the clouds. A moment later, the entire composition disappeared in a flood of rain.

Your photographer journalists will send back many more important scenes of drama in the desert, but I don't think they will get any that *look* more primevally fearsome than this one.

VERNON HART

Chicago, Ill.



CONTRIBUTIONS: Minimum rates for all rights, including resale and reuse: \$5 per photograph. Amateur photographers are welcome as contributors but their work must compete with professionals on an equal basis and will be judged (and paid for) as such.

Unsolicited contributions however, whether professional or amateur, will be neither acknowledged nor returned unless accompanied by adequate postage, packing and directions. LIFE will not be responsible for safe handling of same either in its office or in

transit. Payment will be made only on approval and publication. Address all correspondence about contributions to CONTRIBUTIONS EDITOR, LIFE Magazine, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS (continued)

FUN AT THE ZOO

Sirs:

Life at the zoo has its moods and its moments, and the successful zookeeper must be equal to both. He must understand his charges and indulge their whims. This also makes things more fun for the keeper.

Here are two examples of how this is done. Below: Grandpops, the Galapagos tortoise, is delighted that his favorite treat, the banana, is back. What a long reach you have, Grandpops! Right: Ariel, the toucan, toys with a grape as her keeper bounces her up and down. When he stops, she throws her head back

and gulps the grape down. Ariel's bill looks heavy, but a spongy inner structure actually keeps it quite light.

LILO HESS

New York, N.Y.



REALTY RIG

Sirs:

Time was when real-estate prospects got lots of free rides in an automobile. Now they are lucky if they do not have to walk (and luckier if they can find a house to buy). This surrey is what one real-estate man, Harry Kline, sales manager of a St. Louis company, has managed to rig up for his clients. The only hitch is that the buggy doesn't go with the bungalow.

FRANK STARRETT

St. Louis, Mo.





KNIT CHAMP?

Sirs:

I think Mrs. Lillian Robertson of Eustis, Me., who is 76, must be the champion knitter in the U. S. During the past two years she has knitted for boys in the service: 17 helmets; 4 scarves; 4 pairs of wristlets; 41V-neck sweaters; 11 pullovers with sleeves; 37 pairs of socks; 7 pairs of mittens; 11 pairs of sea-boot socks. Can your readers match her?

FRED L. HUTCHINS

Stratton, Me.





Winter emphasizes the fact that

there is no substitute for air

transportation in our war effort....

AMERICAN AIRLINES 9mc

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

BUY WAR BONDS



THERE SHE GOES! 2,000 feet over Hartford, Conn., a 24-year-old veteran of the "silk" is making the first jump test of a new nylon parachute. Watch as she pulls the rip-cord—



IT OPENS! It holds! It's okay! And so is testjumper Adeline Gray as she floats earthward to the approval and applause of special observers from the Army and the Navy.



A PERFECT LANDING—and now for a Camel. Yes—Camels. In the air or on the ground, that's the pack that says smoking pleasure at its best. And when Adeline Gray says: "Camels suit me to a 'T,'" she's talking a language any smoker can understand (see below, right).

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is CAMEL. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

amel

Watch ADELINE GRAY try Uncle Sam's new nylon 'chute in its first

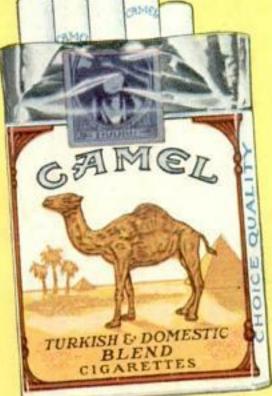


of a parachute — just as the "T-Zone" is the proving ground of your cigarette (see below) • You can test them in wind tunnels—you can toss them out with weighted dummies—but the final test of a parachute is the "live test"—when you step out in an actual jump.

And it's like that with a cigarette, too. The final test is when you light it and smoke it.

Adeline Gray (below) says: "Camels are never harsh on my throat." Many a man at the front could tell you the same —Camels are the favorite there, too. But try Camels on your taste and throat—your "T-Zone"—find out for yourself.





THE T-ZONE where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat
— is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat

can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

